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WRITTEN CREEDS.

We assert, then, the sufficiency of the Scriptures, and the right of private judgment, in the utmost sense of the words. We declare that the Bible is the only rule of faith, and that each man has a right to search the Scriptures and come to his own unbiassed conclusions; and that it is tyranny and abuse to denounce him for opinions thus deduced, however different they may be from received notions. We hold that written creeds, by perpetuating the imperfect opinions of past ages, and practising upon the natural slothfulness and superstitious veneration for the past and the established, have a tendency to cramp free inquiry, to bias independent judgment, to accumulate ecclesiastical power, and to substitute for the Bible human articles of belief, and for individual conviction, public prejudice and an unthinking conformity. We ascribe to them a large part of the bigotry, rage and persecution which have disgraced the church. Perhaps it would be more fair to say that creeds have themselves grown out of the weakness, indolence or arrogance of men who are prone to think that wisdom will die with them, and that they are therefore to be considered rather the effect than the cause of the evils ascribed to them. Doubtless all ills are in the last result ascribable to the folly and ignorance and vices of humanity; but creeds have been the machinery through which much of this weakness and sinfulness has increased and extended its baneful dominion. And therefore it is proper to speak of them as we do.

But here the vast majority of Protestants are not at all ready to go with us. They are not prepared to allow that the Scriptures are a safe guide to religious truth in the hands of the ignorant and foolish; they are not willing to contemplate the vast variety of sentiment which must grow out of the full indulgence of this principle. They are not ready to acknowledge as Christians, those who in the exercise of this right come to conclusions widely different from their own. They are not willing to concede that any persons can safely reject their list, or one item of their list, of fundamentals. In other words, they practically deny the sufficiency of the Scriptures as a guide to salvation. Now we are not going to maintain that a great many do not read the Scriptures very ignorantly, and derive many very erroneous opinions from them, or rather from their own folly. Nor are we about to assert the indifference of the opinions concerning which Christians dispute. Nor do we wonder at the zeal and anxiety which every branch of the Church manifests that its fundamentals at least should be received by all. But we are of opinion that the wise and thoughtful, the natural leaders of public sentiment, the interpreters of Christianity as of everything else, exercise a sufficient authority over the great mass of men through the natural and necessary deference which the foolish, the unthinking, the slothful and the inferior always pay, and cannot but pay, to the opinions of the active-minded, the thoughtful, the earnest and the able, without any artificial contrivances to perpetuate or increase their influence. We rejoice at this authority. It is divine in its origin. But we wish it to be natural in its operation. It will not be disputed that the whole tendency of civilization is, or ought to be, to increase the number of those who think for themselves, and are able to think justly. Christianity seeks to elevate the mass of men; to individualize them; to make each man do his own thinking, use his own conscience, and become as little of a machine as may be. It is fortunate that the world is led, while it is blind; but it is of course desirable that it should see as soon as possible. The time will never come when the wise will not teach the foolish; the strong govern the weak; the superior supply theories and formulas of thought for the inferior. The Bible always is read and always will be read by all, under the guidance of existing opinions; and those opinions are the accumulated wisdom of ages, directed to the subject. He would be a fool who should expect or wish to emancipate himself wholly from the restraints of public sentiment in the interpretation of the Scriptures. The vast majority of Christians do and must see in the Bible what they are taught to see there; and, for the most part, what they are taught to see is better than what they could discover for themselves. But should means be taken to perpetuate this dependence? Is it creditable to our race—or is it to be their permanent condition? Ought not, on the contrary, every possible pains to be taken to withstand and correct this dependence, however necessary it may be at present, and however long it may threaten to continue? The southern slaves are doubtless incapable, in their present condition, of taking care of themselves. Is that an argument for keeping them in perpetual bondage; or should every effort be made to fit them for emancipation? We insist that the growth of individual independence, the disposition to free inquiry, the abandonment of an acquiescing temper, in respect to articles of faith, is commensurate with the best influence of Christian civilization, and that the aim of all education, religious and otherwise, ever to be kept in view, is to make every man capable of forming just and independent opinions upon all subjects, and to act upon his free convictions. We are not so silly as to expect any speedy attainment of this end. But we wish to keep it distinctly in view, to guide us in our present inquiry. Now in asserting the sufficiency of the Scriptures, we do not assert that each and all men are capable of deriving the best and wisest and completest views of religion from the Bible, without the guidance of religious teachers, and of established and prevailing opinions. For we maintain that the body of Christians nowhere derive their theology exclusively from the Scriptures; that the Christianity of any age and people is the product of experience, reasoning, providential circumstances, and previous thinking, united to the Bible, or unconsciously commenting upon it. There are two elements in the interpretation of Scripture,—the Book itself, and the mind that contemplates it; and though the Book does not change, the mind of man does, and all and singular of the opinions, prejudices and associations in the mind are reflected in the sacred page.

What we assert, then, is that at any given time and place the Scriptures afford the best views of Christianity which any man is capable of receiving, and that the natural and necessary deference he is under to received opinions is such as to make it in the highest degree important that no direct authority should be exercised over his investigations, and no ban pronounced upon his conclusions. The folly of asserting that opinions deliberately and conscientiously derived from the Bible can be fatally erroneous, is based upon a false view of our position and discipline here, and scepticism of man's capacity for pursuing truth, which renders any theory of rational existence out of the question. In our judgment, the exercise of our highest faculties is so important, that we esteem the active and zealous pursuit of truth more important than the inactive possession of it. Servility and indolence, and an habitual dependence of mind, is worse to us than error united to an eager love of truth. And if the right of private judgment should lead, as it doubtless does, to much error, it does away with what is vastly worse, much indifference and torpor of soul. We are not in the least afraid that this right will be indulged too far, or that the Scriptures will be too much and too independently searched. The right is contended for, now, vastly more than it is used; and the Bible is now called on to cover and endorse opinions derived from other sources.

When we cry "the Bible and the Bible only," we mean that we will submit to no other direct authority; not that we will not use every other means of illumination. We mean the Bible against creeds and ecclesiastical bodies, and restrictions upon the right of private judgment; not the Bible against the commentary of reason, church history, the counsel and spiritual authority of the wise, and the ever-growing light of Christianity itself. We do not mean the Bible against God and Christ, or the Bible above God and Christ—wherever God and Christ are to be found or heard; whether in the great teachings of nature, of human experience, or of Providence; or the slow but mighty developments of Christianity. We do not mean the Bible imperfectly understood, against itself, better understood; or the Bible as our fathers held it, against the Bible as their sons with their fathers' experience and their own together hold it: or the Bible with this, that, or the other particular view of the nature of its inspiration; but the Bible as the best learning, the most profound examination of its authority, and of its own claims and pretensions, presents it to us. For the world's views concerning the Bible itself are no more fixed than concerning what the Bible teaches. No question is less settled than the precise nature of its inspiration; the relation of its parts; the genuineness and authenticity of each of its books. When, therefore, we speak of the sufficiency of the Scriptures, we mean to profess our fixed and unwavering faith in the fact that in the Bible is found the record of a supernatural revelation; that Jesus Christ's doctrines, precepts and declarations are found there, and that his authority is absolute with us. We mean to express no opinion as to the means by which his actual teachings are to be certainly reached. We believe that the great doctrines of his Gospel rise like mountains from the level of the New Testament, and that they have been recognized by all Christians in all ages, and have been the sole instruments of the good which Christianity has effected. But we see that the world, for the most part, has chosen to ascribe the influence which they have exerted to a little system of artificial opinions which it has held with them; just as the sick man usually ascribes his cure to the doses of his physician, and not to the healing powers of nature. It does not change our faith in the sufficiency of the Scriptures to be reminded of the vast variety of opinions which have prevailed, nor of the gross errors of Christendom. The question is, have not certain great cardinal doctrines, underlying all peculiarities, prevailed also, and have not these great truths been intelligibly received, or at any rate just as far and as rapidly as the general education of Christendom has prepared the way for them? If so, the Bible, let it be what it will, inspired or uninspired; let what notions will be held concerning it, not inconsistent with the acknowledgement of its being the last court of appeal, and an authoritative book; the Bible has proved sufficient, and is sufficient, to guide the world and the private Christian into all necessary truth. And any greater particularity of statement, any more distinct and definite inferences, any appendices, or table of contents, in fine, anything, in the name of a written creed, of equal authority with the Scriptures, or claiming their authority, is an impertinence, a superfluity, a stumbling-block and a fetter. [Christian Inquirer.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN RUSSIA.

The Emperor of Russia, it seems, is determined not only that political "order," or rather his own absolute will shall "reign in Warsaw," but that the consciences of his subjects shall also be obedient to his autocratical behest. The newly ordained priests of the Ecclesiastical Academy at Warsaw are required to take the following oath:—

"I, the undersigned, promise and swear before the almighty, that I desire, and pledge myself to serve faithfully and sincerely, and to be obedient in all things to the Emperor Nicholas Pawlowicz, Autocrat of all the Russias, my real, lawful and most merciful master, and to the Grand Duke Alexander Nicholasewicz, his successor. I pledge myself further to observe and defend without sparing my life or a single drop of my blood, all the rights and prerogatives already attached to the power and autocracy of his Majesty, or to be attached thereto hereafter. I engage further to support with zeal, as I shall be able, all that is connected with the interest of his Majesty, and with the welfare of the state. When, therefore, I learn anything that may cause loss, damage, or diminution of the rights or property of his Majesty, not only will I give information as soon as possible, but I will endeavor by every means in my power to prevent its being carried into effect; pledging myself to guard the secret confided to me, and fulfil faithfully and conscientiously the duties imposed on me, either by established regulations or customs, or by the present and general oath, or by such particular oaths *as my superiors may from time to time impose on me* in the name of his Majesty. In fine, I engage not to act contrary to my duty and my oath from any views of private interest, whether connected with my family or my friends, or from any sentiment of hatred, but to act as becomes a faithful subject of his Majesty, in order to be able to render an account of the same to God in the terrible day of judgment. May God, and the innocent martyr, his Son, be my aid! Amen."

The Emperor of Russia has also recently issued a decree, the object of which is to prevent proselytism in favor of any other religion than the Greco-Russian:

The first article declares that any person abjuring the Greco-Russian religion shall be placed at the disposal of the ecclesiastical authorities, shall be disinherited by such of his relations as profess that religion, shall have his fortune placed under control, and shall not be allowed to reside in the district in which his property is situated. If he returns within the bosom of the Established Church, these penalties are to cease; but if he does not return within the period fixed by the ecclesiastical authorities, he is to be cited before a criminal tribunal, which cannot inflict a penalty less than that of perpetual detention in a convent, with unceasing acts of penitence and contrition. If the proselyte has children under age, the government is to decide upon their lot.

The second article declares that any person who permits his wife or children to embrace another religion, shall be cited before a criminal tribunal, and punished with all the rigor of the existing laws.

The third article, that any individual persuading another to abjure the Greco-Russian religion, shall lose the prerogatives of his rank and all his civil rights and shall also be exiled for life to Siberia. If he belongs to a class to which corporeal punishments are applicable, he is to be knouted, and to serve during the rest of his life in a company of discipline.

The fourth article provides that whoever shall deliver discourses, or publish writings calculated to cause persons who belong to the Greco-Russian church to abandon their faith, shall lose the prerogatives of his rank, and be condemned to from one to two years' imprisonment. If the same offence be committed twice, the delinquent is to be condemned to the loss of his civil rights, and to hard labor in a fortress from four to six years; if a third time, he is to be exiled to Siberia and in addition to all this he is to receive the knout if he belongs to the classes subject to receive corporeal punishment.

Article fifth declares that fathers and mothers belonging to the Greco-Russian church, who shall cause their children to be baptized in another form of faith, shall be punished with two years' imprisonment, and shall have their children taken from them, and educated by other members of their family in the Greco-Russian religion; and in case there be no relations of that creed, then by persons nominated by the government. Any person preventing a person of another religion from embracing the Greco-Russian is to be imprisoned for several months. Any ecclesiastic of another religion teaching it to persons under age, even without intention to cause them to abjure the Greco-Russian faith, is to be suspended for one or more years; and in case of a second offence, to be imprisoned from one to two years, and to be placed for the rest of his life under the surveillance of the police. Any ecclesiastic of another religion, receiving a Greco-Russian into his communion, is to lose his place and all its privileges; and Catholic ecclesiastics, in the provinces of the West, are interdicted from having any persons of the Greco-Russian church in their service, under the penalty of 40 effective roubles (upwards of six pounds) for each person. [N. Y. Evangelist.

The ensuing Fable was written long ago, but is well worth reading now.

THE IDLER. NO. XXII. BY DR. JOHNSON.

FABLE OF THE VULTURES.

Many naturalists are of the opinion, that the animals which we commonly consider as mute, have the power of imparting their thoughts to one another. That they can express general sensations, is very certain; every being that can utter sounds has a different voice for pleasure and for pain. The hound informs his fellows when he scents his game; the hen calls her chickens to their food by her cluck, and drives them from danger by her scream.

Birds have the greatest variety of notes; they have indeed a variety which seems almost sufficient to make a speech, adequate to the purposes of a life which is regulated by instinct, and can admit little change or improvement. To the cries of birds, curiosity or superstition has always been attentive; many have studied the language of the feathered tribes, and some have boasted that they understood it.

The most skilful, or most confident interpreters of the sylvan dialogues, have been commonly found among the philosophers of the East, in a country where the calmness of the air, and the mildness of the seasons, allow the student to pass a great part of the year in groves and bowers. But what may be done in one place by peculiar opportunities, may be performed in another by peculiar diligence. A shepherd of Bohemia has by long abode in the forests, enabled himself to understand the voice of birds; at least he relates with great confidence a story, of which the credibility is left to be considered by the learned.

"As I was sitting (said he) within a hollow rock and watching my sheep that fed in the valley, I heard two vultures interchangeably crying on the summit of the cliff. Both voices were earnest and deliberate. My curiosity prevailed over my care of the flock; I climbed slowly and silently from crag to crag, concealed among the shrubs, until I found a cavity where I might sit and listen, without suffering or giving disturbance. I soon perceived that my labor would be well repaid; for an old vulture was sitting on a naked prominence, with her young about her, whom she was instructing in the arts of a vulture's life, and preparing by the last lecture, for their final dismission to the mountains and the skies.

My children (said the old vulture) you will the less want my instructions, because you have had my practice before your eyes; you have seen me snatch from the farm the household fowl, you have seen me seize the leverett in the bush, and the kid in the pasture; you know how to fix your talons, and how to balance your flight when you are laden with your prey. But you remember the taste of more delicious food; I have often regaled you with the flesh of man. Tell us (said the young vultures) where man may be found, and how he may be known; his flesh is surely the natural food of a vulture. Why have you never brought a man in your talons to the nest? He is too bulky (said the mother): when we find a man, we can only tear away his flesh, and leave his bones upon the ground. Since man is so big (said the young) how do you kill him? You are afraid of the wolf and the bear, by what power are vultures superior to man? is man more defenceless than a sheep? We have not the strength of man, (said the mother) and I am sometimes in doubt whether we have the subtilty; and the vultures would seldom feed upon his flesh, had not nature that devoted him to our use, infused into him a strange ferocity, which I have never observed in any other being, that feed upon the earth. Two herds of men will often meet and shake the earth with noise, and fill the air with fire. When you hear noise and see fire, with flashes along the ground, hasten to the place with your swiftest wing, for men are surely destroying one another; you will then find the ground smoking with blood, and covered with carcasses; of which many are dismembered and mangled for the convenience of the vulture. But when men have killed their prey, (said the pupil) why do they not eat it? When the wolf has killed a sheep, he suffers not the vulture until he is satisfied himself. Is not man another kind of wolf? Man (said the mother) is the only beast, who kills that which he does not devour, and this quality makes him so much a benefactor to our species. If men kill our prey, and lay it in our way, (said the young one) what need shall we have of laboring for ourselves? Because man will sometimes (said the mother) remain for a long time quiet in his den. The old vultures will tell you when to watch his motions. When you see men in great numbers moving close together, like a flock of storks, you may conclude that they are hunting, and that you will soon revel in human blood. But still (said the young) I would gladly know the reason of this mutual slaughter. I could never kill what I could not eat. My child (said the mother) this is a question which I cannot answer, though I am reckoned the most subtile bird of the mountain. When I was young I used frequently to visit the aerie of an old vulture who dwelt upon the Carpathian rocks; he had made many observations; he knew the places that afforded prey, round his habitation, as far in every direction, as the strongest wing can fly, between the rising and setting of the summer sun; he had fed year after year on the entrails of men. His opinion was, that men had only the appearance of animal life, being really vegetables, with a power of motion; and that as the boughs of an oak are dashed together by the storm, that swine may fatten upon the falling acorns, so men are, by some unaccountable power, driven one against another, until they lose their motion, that vultures may be fed. Others think they have observed something of contrivance and policy among these mischievous beings; and those that hover more closely round them, pretend that there is, in every herd, one that gives directions to the rest, and seems to be more eminently delighted with a wide carnage. What it is that entitles him to such pre-eminence we know not; he is seldom the biggest or the swiftest, but he shows by his eagerness and diligence, that he is, more than any of the others, a friend to the vultures."

TOUCHING STORY.

The following story was related by Dr. Schnebly, of Maryland, at a meeting held in New York, on Sunday night last, to hear the experience of twenty reformed drunkards:

A drunkard, who had run through his property, returned one night to his unfurnished home. He entered its empty hall—anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings, and language is inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite, his lovely wife and darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak, he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little angel by her side, "Come, my child it is time to go to bed;" and that little babe, as was her wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chiseled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison; and when she had finished, the child (but four years of age) said to her mother: "Dear ma, may I not offer up one more prayer! "Yes, Yes, my sweet pet, pray." And she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed; "O God! spare, oh spare my dear papa!" That prayer was wafted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard on high—it was heard on earth. The responsive "Amen!" burst from that father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said, "My child, you have saved your father from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge."

TRUTH FITLY SPOKEN.

The following sensible and truthful views of the relative condition of the free and the enslaved blacks of the United States, were recently communicated to the "National Era" by a "Citizen of Maryland." Apart from their intrinsic value, every body must admire their tone, which, by the by, may be taken as a fair sample of many articles given in that paper:

It is my present purpose to show the unreasonableness of drawing the inference, from the present condition of the free blacks, that the slave would derive no benefit from general emancipation.

What are the facts? The free colored people of the United States at present constitute less than one-fortieth of the population; they are scattered over its whole surface; they have all emerged from a state of slavery, and wear an indelible mark of their origin. That mark is regarded as a stigma which no virtues can efface; and every human being who bears it, is held to be inferior to every human being who bears it not. Such a weight of prejudice never oppressed any people before, since the world began. The Jew, in the time of Moses or Joshua, was more tolerant of the heathen; the Christian of the middle ages more tolerant of the Jew; Turks of Christians; Christians of Turks, than the White man of the Blacks in this country. Is it to be wondered at, that a handful of poor despised Africans, under so crushing a weight of prejudice, should be slow to improve? They were dragged to this country from the savage wilds of Africa, and learned the rudiments of civilization in a state of slavery. In the Southern States, even those who are nominally free are not only not encouraged, but FORBIDDEN to acquire a knowledge of literature—and yet the poor African is reviled for his debasement, wretchedness, and ignorance. The cruelty he suffers is a refinement upon the misery of Tantalus.

It was the unhappy fate of the Phrygian king, always to suffer the pangs of thirst and hunger surrounded by food and water; but we have never heard him *reviled* for not partaking of that which forever eluded his grasp. The free colored people, both North and South, are excluded from most of the respectable and lucrative avocations of life, and yet they are reproached for their indolence. The slaveholder hates a free negro, instinctively, and it is not everywhere safe for them to venture upon the premises of a planter, much less to ask for employment. He is then reduced to the necessity of finding a precarious subsistence by any means—often perhaps by fraud or stealth—and then he is branded as a lazy vagabond. North of Mason and Dixon's line, the case is only a little more tolerable. But it is well known that there is a combination of almost every trade and calling against the free blacks. Yet they have made immense progress in civilization, and refinement too, notwithstanding their rigid exclusion from the society of the whites.

It is said that the slaves are better off than the free colored people. Let facts test the truth of this monstrous absurdity. Among the three millions of slaves in the country, not one, or not more than one, has any education at all; perhaps a few—as few as angels' visits—may be able to read, stealthily, a greasy spelling-book or Testament; but I have not heard of more than one who has been allowed or assisted in the acquisition of a respectable share of knowledge. It is stated that a slave in Alabama has attained to some proficiency in the classics, and that, in consequence, the religious societies have purchased his freedom. But such cases must be rare, for two reasons: first, it is illegal in the Southern States to teach or to permit slaves to read, and, secondly, if it were allowable, they generally want the time and the necessary books to make any progress in literature beyond the rudiments. I have been bred in the Southern country, and have never, but for a few days on one occasion, been out of the atmosphere of slavery; and, yet, in the whole of my experience, I cannot remember to have seen a slave who could write his name. Doubtless there may be some in the cities; but in the country, where I am most conversant, I have never seen the sign manual of a slave—no, nor of a free colored man, either. I have known two or three, perhaps half a dozen slaves who could read indifferently, but none who could write.

How stands the case with the free colored population of the North? I am not aware that any inquiry has been instituted on the subject, but I incline to believe that a majority of the adult black population of the free States are able to read and write. If such is the case, the fact shows that they are on a footing of intelligence with people of England, and consequently ahead of most other nations, except our own. But however this fact be, we know that thousands of them not only read and write, but possess the requisite information and intelligence to engage in those pursuits which call for the exercise of the highest mental endowments. Hundreds of colored men and women in the free States are engaged in teaching, many in preaching the Gospel; and, but for the prejudice that weighs them down, many would engage in the legal and medical professions. Some of them are distinguished public speakers, and make no mean figure in comparison with the best orators of the country. These evidences of talent and merit have broken through a cerement of prejudice, dark and baleful, which would shut out the black man from the brotherhood of humanity. They must command the respect and win the sympathy of an enlightened Christian age. But to the argument.

While the three million of slaves are all wrapped in mental darkness, and to a lamentable degree debased, the handful of free colored people in the free States, amounting to not more than two hundred, or two hundred and fifty thousand, have general education diffused among them, and have produced a number of men capable of commanding the esteem of an enlightened age, by the vigor of their pens, or the eloquence of their tongues. How unwarranted, then, is the assertion, that the free people of color are worse off than the slaves! How blind or indifferent to the most striking facts!

But the great obstacle at present to the improvement of the black race, is slavery. So long as the bulk, or any considerable number of the race, is held in slavery, it will be impossible to dispel the prejudice against it. It is the condition and office of a slave, which is the hated thing; and it is only by the association of ideas that color is so odious. We have no such feeling towards an Indian, though his hue be darker than that of a Mulatto. Remove slavery, and the prejudice will speedily wear away. Such has been the course in the British West Indies. But universal emancipation would place the black race on a different footing from that which a handful of free colored men can enjoy against such odds. If all were free, they would be able to form a public opinion of their own—they would grow respectable in the estimation of one another—they would most probably go *en masse* to that section of the Union which is peculiarly adapted to their physical constitutions; and, enjoying the unrestricted privilege of intercourse, even without political privileges, they would, in the nature of things, grow more respectable in their own eyes, and in the eyes of others. They would cease to feel that sense of inferiority which unmans the heart, and which is prejudicial to the growth of every virtuous principle. But the history of West India emancipation, as well as the spirit of Christian sympathy which is abroad in the world, forbid the idea, that, in the event of peaceful abolition, the blacks would become turbulent or dangerous. They would esteem themselves more; but it is unreasonable to suppose that they would hate the whites more, when the *cause* of hatred was removed. G.

[The Baltimore Saturday Visiter, from which we cut the above, is now merged in the National Era.]

[Translated from the German of Prof. Tholuck.]

LIFE'S EVENING TWILIGHT.

Oh Death, how sweet thou art when he looketh upon thee who was never satisfied with this life, and who, in the progress of this brief economy, has found support and comfort only in the promises of an Eternal Life! Thy scythe has no terrors for me: cuts down only what I would gladly leave behind, that the Spirit's wing may soar aloft the easier. Old age! thine evening twilight for him who has a Savior, blends so undistinguished with the sunrise, that there scarcely lies a night between.

I will set my house in order. The thing is not difficult for me. My debts are all cancelled, my best possession I take with me, my children I entrust to the great Father of the fatherless, whose are the heavens and the earth, my body to the ground, and my soul to Jesus, who for more than one generation toiled for it and redeemed it with his blood. Thus am I free and ready for the journey. The man who has settled his accounts in a foreign city, how gladly he approaches the gate, when his face is turned homeward. I have no more creditors upon earth, and know I shall find none above. Oh, how blessed to die when we can say with King Hezekiah,—"Behold, for peace I had great bitterness: but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back."

Life! I have enjoyed thee! Not every draught from thy fountain is bitter. No, all upon earth is not mere vanity, as soon as we enjoy not the Creation alone, but in the Creation the Creator also. But I take with me all that gives to life its sweetness—the friendship of my God, which flows in upon me through every creature as through so many ducts and channels. The earthly duct may be broken, but He knows well how to make others. Past, past, is life's enjoyment and sweetness, when taken only from the creature, but eternally present is it to him who sees in the good things of this life, the ultimate hand from which they are ever dispensed. Thus every day becomes a treasury, and the life of sorest poverty can thus be counted rich. No, I look not back upon it as upon an idle waste. As I now review it all, in my quiet chamber, my heart fills with a rapture too big for it. I need—I feel it—I need a new heart and another tongue to express all that my God has done for me, and fitly sing his praise. Oh stupid is the heart that cannot understand how songs of praise for grace received, will constitute a prime element in the blessedness of the Redeemed. This is one of the gracious gifts of the Holy Ghost, that the longer one remains in the school of Christ, the richer fountain of delight does thanksgiving become. I have an abiding feeling that the gratitude of my heart can never here upon earth find its full expression. Words tell it not, weeping does not exhaust it, and even the swollen sigh, that breaks loose like a heavy spiritual tear-drop from that heart does not express the whole of it. But we shall have new tongues and a new dialect. Of Angel tongues the Apostle speaks, and with tongues of fire did they of Pentecost celebrate God's marvellous doings. Oh, when the eternal Pentecost comes, with its Spirit-baptism, it will surely bring with it new tongues, that we may praise God for his wonder-workings, in far different strain than we can now do it with our lisping, stammering speech.

Zion, thou city of God, in spirit I am already one of thy citizens, and so long as the days of my flesh continue will I so improve them, that I may be prepared to enter in through thy beautiful gates not as an alien. Earth, whatever of thine I may not take with me, let that be forever forgotten, for it is not worth a remembrance. And since the choicest of all thou hast given me I need not give back, but can take with me, why should I cling to thee when the voice cries—*The Bridegroom cometh!*

If we ought to stand, our life long, like servants who wait for their master, with loins girded and lamps burning, oh how much more is that becoming to the man before whose door Death is waiting.

DR. PARR'S OPINION OF UNITARIANISM.

In looking over the life of Dr. Parr, we have been so much interested in the following letter, that we gladly transfer it to our columns. Dr. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin, and author of a celebrated work on the Atonement, having, in a charge, spoken of the Unitarians as illiterate, Dr. Parr thus writes to him.

HATTON, Sept. 15.

MY LORD, Though differing widely from your Grace upon some important subjects of controversal theology, I hold, and therefore always shall avow, a very high opinion of your talents and attainments. With much pleasure have I read two of the Charges which your Grace has lately published. I have praised them in the hearing, and recommended them to the perusal, of some enlightened Clergymen. I found in them very useful matter, and very splendid diction. But, with surprise and with concern, I observed that in one of them your Grace has spoken sweepingly of the Unitarians as illiterate. The expression, my Lord, astonished me, and called to my mind the language which Cicero, in his celebrated speech for Ligarius, employed about the cause of Pompey; and which, mutatis mutandis, I shall apply to your severe and contemptuous animadversion upon a well-known, and, perhaps, increasing sect. Speaking of Unitarianism, "alii errorem appellant, qui durius, petinaciam, qui gravissime, impietatem—præter te adhuc nemo." In a dispute, which about one hundred and fifty years ago was carried on with great violence, Bishop Wettenhal wrote a very judicious, candid, and conciliatory pamphlet, which I found in a huge mass of controversial writings, in which he describes the Socinians as active, as zealous, as acute, as dexterious in disputation, as blameless in the general tenour of their lives, and, he adds, even pious, with exception to their own peculiar tenets. Every man of common sense, my Lord, will perceive that the qualifying words are the result of discretion and episcopal decorum, and were intended, probably, for a kind of sop to soften the Cerberean part of the priesthood. Be this as it may, the representation which Bishop Wettenhal gave of his Socinian contemporaries corresponds nearly with my own observations upon my own Unitarian comtemporaries.

Now, my Lord, I know nothing either by report, or my own reading, about the number of Unitarians in Ireland, or their writings, or their erudition, or their want of erudition. I, at the same time, am justified in saying, that among my own learned acquaintance in this country there is not one teacher in the established church whom I could safely pronounce an Unitarian. Without the pale of that church, indeed, there are several Unitarians with whom I think it an honor to be acquainted, and I shall make no apology for introducing into this letter their names, and avowing the sincere respect which I feel for their intellectual powers, their literary attainments, and their moral worth. Let us look round a little, my Lord. Will any scholar apply the word "illiterate" to Grotius, to Curcellæus, to Susius, or to Le Clerc! These are the distinguished Unitarians of former days. I have not been a slovenly reader of the Fratres Poloni, and I could mention the names of several persons whose tenets seem to me erroneous, but whom I should not dare to call illiterate. In the last century lived Dr. Lardner, Dr. John Jebb, Mr. John Baynes, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, and an academic distinguished in his day for his proficiency in science and his skill in classical learning. Perhaps Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle, may, without injustice, be supposed to look upon Unitarianism rather with a favorable eye towards the close of a studious life. Was Bishop Law illiterate? Was Dr. John Taylor of Norwich illiterate? And, slender as might be the pretences of Dr. Priestley and Theophilus Lindsay to any critical accuracy in the languages, or to any delicate taste of the elegancies of profane authors, Greek and Latin, yet their attention to scriptural Greek, though it did not preserve them from what you think heresy, was more than sufficient to protect them from the application of illiterate. Was the late Duke of Grafton illiterate? Were the writers of the Free and Candid Disquisitions illiterate? I was not personally acquainted with the late Mr. Cappe of York, but his writings furnish abundant proofs of eloquence, acuteness, and, I add, erudition. Was Encedinus illiterate? Is Wegscheider illiterate? Was Semler illiterate? Is Eichorn illiterate? Let me not pass by some dissenting Clergymen who are avowedly Unitarians, and upon whose claims to be considered as scholars I can speak, and therefore do speak, with confidence. Mr. Berry of Leicester, who to Greek and Latin erudition adds no inconsiderable portion of oriental; Mr. Cogan, a school-master at Walthamstow, whom from conversation and correspondence, I know to be an accurate Greek scholar, and a diligent and discriminating reader of the best critical books which have of late been published at Berlin, Leyden, Gothingen, Leipsic, and Paris; and at home, by Porson, Blomfield, Gaisford, Elmsley, &c. Is Cogan illiterate? No, no. My mind passes on to Mr. Corrie, of Birmingham, who not only is well acquainted with natural philosophy, and is a fine writer of English prose, but has an exquisite taste for the compositions of Greek and Roman writers, and is a reader of what Bentley, Davies, and Toup have written upon philology. My neighbor, Mr. Yates of Birmingham, is one of the most studious men I know. I have seen his admirable collection of books, and I consider him as a diligent and intelligent reader of the most abtruse and elaborate writings of theologians, both in Greek and Latin. Mr. Roberts of Manchester, had a classical education in Norwich school. He is an excellent writer of English prose, and can such a man be called illiterate? It becomes me after many interviews, to bear my testimony to the merit of Mr. Shepherd of Liverpool, and in truth, so far as classical learning is concerned, his proficiency would do him honor, if he sat upon the episcopal bench. My lord, from motives of delicacy, I will not enlarge upon the learning of Mr. Belsham. He neither understands, nor professes to understand, very critically, those profane authors who are taught in our public schools and our two universities; yet I think and speak respectfully of his biblical learning; and I am pretty sure that Archbishop Newcome, if he were now living, would, upon this subject, speak and think as I do. In my own neighborhood lives a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell. He does not pretend to be a profound classic, but he is largely furnished with general knowledge; he is a diligent reader of the Greek Testament; he has great dexterity in reasoning; he excels in clearness and vigor of style; he is not contentious; he is not conceited; but upon two or three occasions, when provoked by insulting calumnies against himself and his sect, he has confuted and silenced some accusers, whose orthodoxy was not accompanied by a due share of sense, learning, or moderation. Your Grace will do me the justice to observe, that I mean not directly or indirectly to defend the heretical opinions adopted by any of the worthies whom I have enumerated. But I should say of them, whether I adverted to them in the senate, or from the pulpit, or from the press—yes, my Lord, I should say in the hearing of all the conclaves, and all the convocations in Christendom, "utinam essent nostri." I hope, therefore, my Lord, and if you were not an Archbishop I should advise, that in some future edition of your excellent Charge, you would withdraw the word illiterate. There are many other points upon which your sagacity, learning, and eloquence, may be employed with the greatest propriety, and far better effect. If you were more intimately acquainted with myself, you would find that no man is more ready to bestow prompt, sincere, and ample praise upon the talents and the learning, which the ecclesiastics of the Established Church have in our own days displayed in the defence of their tenets. Glad I am, that so large a part of that praise falls to the share of the distinguished prelate to whom I am now writing.

[Translated for the New York Recorder.]

THE HAPPINESS OF A TRUE CONVERSION.

You will, perhaps, think me intrusive, but I cannot be silent, although we are not even personally acquainted. I have been so much affected by what I have heard of your state of mind, that I dispense with ceremony. Your friends, who are also mine, have already assured you of the interest which I feel in your welfare. It would give me great pleasure if we could have social intercourse, but meanwhile I cannot but tell you what God requires of us when he invites us to become his children. When the world has invited us by its seductive amusements and our own passions, have we ever deliberated? Have we even hesitated? Have we asked for proofs. Have we in any instance resisted evil as we resist good? Have we ever suspected that when we went astray we were corrupting and ruining our souls in the pursuit of vanity, and acting in opposition to reason and the convictions of our own understanding? We were not afraid of going too far; we gave ourselves up without hesitation. Do we believe ourselves to be the work of an all-wise and all-powerful hand? and is it unreasonable to acknowledge that we owe all to him from whom we received every thing, and for whose glory we were created?

But we hesitate; we refine upon things the most simple and clear; we fear to be too credulous; we mistrust our own feelings; we cavil lest we should give too much to him, to whom all would be little, and to whom as yet we have given nothing. We are even ashamed of ceasing to be ungrateful to him, and dare not let the world see that we wish to serve our God. In a word, we are as timid and hesitating in doing well, as we were bold, decided, and unscrupulous in sin.

I only ask you to follow the impulses of your reason to good, as you have followed those of your passions to evil. When you examine the claims of religion, you cannot but discover that there are no solid arguments against it, and that those who are opposed to it have no stronger objection than their dislike of its restraints. Is it reasonable to be so much occupied with ourselves, and so forgetful of God? Does it require arguments to prove that we are his, and not our own? And what do we lose in his service? We do all that we did previously that was reasonable and just; we have the same duties to fulfil, and the same sorrows to bear; but we shall add to these, the unspeakable blessedness of loving that which is worthy our supreme affections; of laboring and suffering for that perfect and faithful friend, who will keep an account of the least thing which we do for him, and recompense us an hundred fold even in this life, by the peace which he will shed abroad in the heart. And added to all this, we have the hope of a happy eternity, in comparison with which, this life is but a lingering death.

Do not reason; but listen to your own heart, where God, so long forgotten, is now speaking in tenderness; or at least consult the good, whom you know to be your best friends. Ask them if God is a hard master; ask them if they repent the vows they have made, or if their conversion was an illusion. They have been like you in the world; ask them if they regret what they have lost, or find the peace of Zion less sweet than the maddening joys of Babylon. No; whatever crosses the Christian may have to bear, he will always be resigned, and even cheerful in suffering, and will never desire the pleasures of which he is deprived.

Has the world so much to bestow? You are not unacquainted with it. Does that which it does give bring contentment, and leave us with no unsatisfied desires? Are our affections deeply and sincerely interested in the objects of our worldly pursuits? What is it that you fear? the loss of that which you must lose in the end, and which is eluding you every moment? that which never satisfies your heart, which palls upon the senses, which leaves restless cravings, and even a burden upon the conscience, which has no substance, even when it seems most dazzling? What do you fear to gain? a virtue too transcendent to be desirable? a God too excellent to serve? a constraining grace which will neither give you up to yourself nor to the vanities of time? Do you fear to become too humble, too indifferent to the world, too pure, too reasonable, too grateful to your heavenly Parent? Fear nothing so much as those irrational doubts, that carnal wisdom, that hesitation between God and the world,

"Soul, take thine ease; thou hast much goods laid up for many years; eat, drink and be merry;" and *then* death comes!—It is not strange we should plead to be excused, professing in our humility a willingness to relinquish the glories of heaven, and still to abide in the Pitti palace. How many die rich who, at the same time, of all men are the most poor and miserable—unable to surrender the gay society in which they moved, the elegancies which surrounded them, the honors which crowned them, the enterprises before them, the lands which they had called after their own names, the mansions they had erected with their own hands, closing their eyes upon the bright heavens which had only shined benignantly upon them, and bidding an eternal farewell to all that they had sought, acquired, and loved, lie down amid darkness and worms! To such it must be hard to die; they are not *gathered* to their fathers, but *thrust* into the grave, like a whipped convict into his dungeon.

It is not thus the wearied and afflicted die. The glories of the world have been dimmed by the tears through which they have been seen. They have nothing to lose; they have all to gain; and therefore they hail death as a friend, instead of meeting him as a foe. Their resignation is not the result, merely or mainly, of anticipated deliverance from trials. A higher object is before them; a holier aspiration animates them. They desire to be absent from the body that they may be present with the Lord and like him. At the same time their Lord sanctifies their afflictions to awaken this desire, and gradually and gently sunder worldly ties, so that trials drive, at the same time that heaven attracts. Stroke falls upon stroke, and billow succeeds to billow, till all the waves of adversity seem to have rolled over them. Then how easy it is to die; to leave the world, when the world has left them; to relinquish all when they have lost all; to venture all, when they have all to gain. To die is gain! Defeat is victory! Death is life! To them the world is one grand impertinence on their heavenly way. They know its toil, its drudgery, its dull monotony; friends have forsaken them, and friends have gone before them; the domestic circle is thinned; disappointments multiply; poverty pinches; disease pains; the world is without an object; the heart sickens of life, and bids welcome to death. Thus God has been dealing kindly even in their trials. They have not been cursed by prosperity, but by a benevolent, though severe discipline, prepared for the grand event of life, its close. They die easily, bravely, gloriously, thanking God for their poverty, their obscurity, their hard toil, their scanty fare, their miserable sheds, the world's pity and the world's hate, and whatever has made it easy for them to die. All things have worked together for their good, as they now see; and the greatest judgment heaven, in its wrath, could have sent, would have been that they should live and die in the Pitti palace.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1847.

PROSPECTIVE.

LOOSE PARAGRAPHS.

We sometimes look with many misgivings on the moral and religious prospects of society. Old land-marks are removed, old restraints are giving way, vice we are told, is fearfully on the increase in our villages and towns, religious societies are becoming restive, preachers are dull, philanthropists bad tempered, politicians profligate, merchants selfish, farmers penurious. And who is there to set things right? "We," (that is the fault-finder) "and our few friends, are the only real upholders of the true and right. And what are we amongst so many? We propose measures of vast importance. But nobody else views them as we do. We point out radical defects in the structure of society. But nobody helps to remove them." Incoherent and extravagant as all this is, it is what many say and do, and there are times when we sympathise with it enough to feel deeply for those who are so affected.

One would think at first sight—it was once a dream of ours—that we have only to point out errors, abuses and wrongs, and they will be corrected at once. Prove a Theological opinion to be true and men will eagerly embrace it. Prove slavery or war to be wrong, and society will at once repudiate it. But nothing can be farther from the truth. The difficulty lies deeper than in the understanding. These old errors of opinion have ingrained themselves into the heart of the religious world. These social wrongs are bound in with the interests, habits, thoughts and life of the community, and cannot therefore be torn away at once, though this is no reason why we should not enforce them and show their evil influences, and, in the name of God and right, demand their removal.

But there is another side even to this. If ancient wrong is so powerful and so tenacious of life, if it is so hard to change the world even for the better, it shows that there must be a permanency for good as well as for evil. The hardness of the marble, which so adds to the sculptor's labor, is that which constitutes its value and enables it to keep for ages the features which are formed upon it. If we should find the public mind perfectly pliant, ready to receive at once the impression that we would make upon it, and to mould its institutions accordingly, the next reformer that came along would have the same influence and undo our work before time had been allowed to test it, and every month, the field must be ploughed up anew, and no harvest could ever ripen. It is well, therefore, that the change should be slow. It is good for us, the reformers. It tries our patience, our faith, and the strength of our Christian love. It is a part of the religious discipline wisely appointed for us. And when we see reformers chafed and fretting, and, like great angry children, calling hard names, because the world does not come into their plans, we can only say, "This, brethren, is the very discipline you need. Your impatience and irritation show that you are not yet the fitting instruments for the great and holy work in which you are engaged. But if you are indeed the chosen agents of God and are moved by an honest purpose, when your own hearts are purified and the calmness of your faith established, be sure that your labors will not be in vain."

But is the world growing worse? Is crime here in our city on the increase? We do not believe that it is. But there is enough to awaken the solicitude of all good men, and it is only by the earnest, constant, increasing efforts of all who have the good of society at heart, that its progress can be stayed.

One other rambling remark we would make, which has done much to cheer us. When we look abroad and witness the profligacy of public men and the other evils that threaten our country with moral ruin, and, not knowing how to stay them, feel disheartened and sad, we think of the many bright and virtuous homes among rich and poor, which it is our privilege to know. And if so many nurseries of piety and truth and kind affection are known to us, how many thousands more must there be throughout the land! And shall not they be taken into the account? Shall not healing influences from every one of them go forth into the land! As the vast storehouses of the world are filled with food and its millions fed, from the produce of small farms, so its virtue is to be supplied from these private sources.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS. ANTI-SLAVERY.

Will our readers peruse carefully the following extract from Mr. Garrison's paper, The Liberator?

"The religious press of the country, generally, is hostile to human progress, and under the control of those who care nothing for the people—every thing for sect and creed. With scarcely an exception, it is in the hands of the priesthood, with whom the safety of their order is, of all things under heaven, paramount, and who, as a distinct class, are as little identified with the laity as possible. We pronounce them to be utterly incompetent to manage a journal, in accordance with the wants of the age. Such men never live in the present, but are ever found doing homage to the past. In themselves, they have no life. If they move at all, it is only when the stream of progress sweeps them onward, like drift wood, by its irresistible power.

Who edits the mis-named Christian Mirror? A clergyman. The New England Puritan? Clergymen. The Boston Recorder? A clergyman. The Christian Watchman? A clergyman—or, at least, an embryo one. The Christian Reflector? A clergyman. The Christian Register? A clergyman. The Olive Branch? Clergymen. The New York Observer, and the Evangelist? Clergymen. The Christian Advocate and Journal? A clergyman. And "ditto" to the end of the long catalogue. The character of these papers is unworthy of the times, and a burlesque upon the profession of primitive Christianity. It is time for the laity to raise the inquiry, both as it concerns the cause of religious liberty and the interests of humanity. How does it happen that these presses are all controlled by clergymen? Let them be assured, that *this has not been purely accidental*—that priestly forecast, design, ambition, have effected this alarming supremacy, and secured this dangerous monopoly. It is a contrivance to subjugate the churches to clerical domination, to prevent the people from receiving the light which they need, to give a spurious order great and powerful means of self-protection, to keep in chains the spirit of progress.

The people should patronize no journal which is conducted by one who claims to be above them, in any sense. If he says or implies that he is divine, and they are human, they ought to trample upon his divinity, and cure him of his delusion. In the pulpit, such a man can do much mischief—much more, with a sectarian press under his control.

There is one feature that characterises the papers to which we have alluded, that is exceedingly contemptible and base. It is this. In their columns may frequently be found the fiercest invectives, the vilest misrepresentations, in regard to the various reforms of the age, and their advocates; but *no reply is allowed through the same medium*. Free discussion they will not tolerate, and dare not encounter. They allow only one side to be heard, and treat the accused party with sovereign contempt. For this, they deserve to be frowned upon by all who revere justice, or admire magnanimity, or hold to fair dealing."

We must say that we read this with some degree of amazement. "Through priestly forecast, design, ambition," our "alarming supremacy" over the columns of the Christian Register has been "effected," and "this dangerous monopoly secured." "It is a contrivance to subjugate the Churches to clerical domination." The fact that we are laboring here, "says or implies," that we are divine, and they [our readers] are human." And so our readers are exhorted "to trample on our divinity and cure us of our delusion." There are some things, it has been said, quite too extravagant even for rhetoric. We leave our readers to form their own opinion about these expressions. We quote the accusation and leave it for them to decide, without saying a word in our defence. But it does pain us, more than we can express, to see the greatest and most sacred cause of Philanthropy that can be entrusted to man, sustained in this way.

We have made no accusations, we have uttered no invectives, against the Anti-Slavery Press. We have heartily sympathised with them in their cause, and have thought that to labor as we could in our own way for the advancement of the same end, was far better than to turn aside and rebuke them, because we could not approve of all their means of action. And we must still go on in our own way, acting according to our own judgment and our own conscience. Slavery is an unrighteous institution, crushing millions beneath its dreadful yoke, and having its most blighting influence on the souls of those, who while they call themselves the masters are really the slaves of their servants. This is our firm and solemn conviction, and we have never shrunk from uttering it, whether in the free or the slave States. And we have always been especially careful that no word of ours should be so formed, as in any way to countenance those who even against their will are upholding the institution which rests like a perpetual mildew upon our land. If this is priestly ambition, time-serving, domination; why then so be it. So we believe, and so we must act. If the common courtesies of life, if the rules of charitable speech and judgment, must be violated, and fierce invective take the place of calm but severe expostulation and earnest entreaty, in order to secure our claims to philanthropy, the price is too great. We cannot pay it, nor can we consent to accept that which can be purchased only on such terms.

But we are doing our Anti-Slavery friends injustice to suppose for a moment that they would require this. We know that they would not. And yet it pains us to see how often their language would seem to justify and demand it.

HYDROPATHY.—QUACKERY, &c.

The following letter is not within the legitimate province of a religious newspaper, and we publish it solely from personal regard for the writer. Our only knowledge of the healing art has come from a painful experience, greatly relieved however by the exceedingly kind, skilful and successful attention of regular physicians, whom we should still employ, for the same reason that we should employ a carpenter and not a blacksmith, to build a house. We do not pretend to judge of the different modes of practice, and are quite too ignorant on the subject to express an opinion, though we perhaps know nearly as much about it, as the friend whose pleasant and enthusiastic letter we subjoin. But to save ourselves from future trouble, we must say, that we publish this article under protest, having several times refused to admit into our columns accounts of wonderful cures from other sources. We have no doubt that Waterford is a pleasant summer residence;—we know that Brattleboro' [is, and so are Lynn and Nahant, and Manchester and Trenton and a hundred others that we might mention. But this is not the place to discuss their merits. Indeed one of the great evils of the day is the readiness with which everybody undertakes to enlighten everybody on any subject that happens, for the time being, to interest them. Hence the omniscient quackery, which infests the professions and creeps like vermin into every department of life. There are men, who without study, adopt some stupendous theory, and by it judge of the most difficult and complicated subjects, in Theology, Medicine or Law. We do not believe in such intuitions. Wonderful discoveries, unquestionably, have been made as it were by accident. But a thorough knowledge of what is to be known in Theology, Medicine or any department of science, is to be acquired only by long and severe labor, and he who would apply that knowledge in cases so critical and complicated as these which are constantly coming up in the practice of physic, must have a minute and large acquaintance with the human system in all its parts and with the remedies which he would employ. Hence the importance of a profession wholly devoted to this class of subjects.

But we are going beyond our text, and entering into a field which our correspondent has not opened except indirectly. Hydropathy may be made as much a science as Allopathy, though it would contradict all the analogies of nature, if the single element, water, should prove to be the only efficient remedial principal in nature. Its real importance is unquestionably great, when it is skilfully applied.

But it is time for the letter.

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For the Register.

My Dear Friend,—I see that Mr. F. has succeeded in his design of engaging Dr. Kittredge to go to Waterford, and they have got out their prospectus, which I send you herewith. In many respects I think this establishment will be superior to all the other hydropathic establishments. No one *can* spring from a more disinterested spirit. Though I hope it will make money,—mercenary considerations did not originate it. Mr. F. felt that the Water Cure gave him a new hope of life, when he had the best reasons for believing the old one was expiring. From a feeble stock—he is a very example of ruddy health,—he looks as if disease never touched him, and he says he feels so. He saw his native town had the greatest advantages of scenery and water, and he cast his eyes on Dr. Kittredge.—Then Dr. Kittredge is in a flourishing practice. He gives up the certainty of a large income from an extensive practice, gained while he was an allopathic physician, and retained since he became hydropathic, by his success in that mode, under all the disadvantages of his present situation in Lynn. I know no similar instance of a disinterested sacrifice;—for Dr. K. is not of the temperament of Mr. F. and his faith borrows nothing from constitutional sanguineness. He goes because he believes it to be his duty to give himself the water privileges of Waterford; and with no expectation of being better off in a pecuniary way. Now I must speak of Waterford. You know I was there several weeks last summer. It is a spot of wonderful beauty—there are four villages—each of which lies round a lake of its own and under mountains of its own. The mountains are abrupt and wooded to their tops, with splendid rocks upon them. I went up one, from which I could see that long chain of lakes, including the Sebago, which extend—I should think forty miles or more, opening into each other, and upon which there is to be a chain of steamboats next summer. But that was but one view from the mountain, which I circumambulated entirely, and from every side overlooked a magnificent prospect. Such a line of mountains circled the horizon!—their forms—their tints I shall never forget. The harvest was just in—not quite in. The very beauty of these prospects is enough to cure patients of a certain temperament of any "ill that flesh is heir to," nor need you go up mountains to see this beauty. The roads themselves present, at every point, the most beautiful landscapes. I rode a good deal with one of the inhabitants, who is as near an elemental being as any other mortal creature I ever knew, who was a kind of human expression of the scenery, which she loved as if she was part and parcel of it—*as she is*.—We were well matched; for she loved to show as I to see. The second day I was there, she carried me to a house from whose door I could see seven huge lakes—and such enchanting woods—sweeping over hills and down dales with a gorgeousness of color that would have put Allston into despair. Nay he could not have looked at it—for he told me once that there were scenes he had not strength of body or mind to look at, they so overflowed with suggestions of beauty. I thought of this, one day when I was riding with my friend, from South to North Waterford, and we passed along a road which overlooked a valley, in which two old ladies lived, who certainly had the bower which of all I ever saw, best imaged the richness we imagine of primeval Paradise. That day I went to the house where the Rev. Mr. Stone of Salem was born and bred. It is very high—very near heaven—and I am sure I could not but think that to such a devout nature, that place must have been such a teacher as no foreign University could compare to, and teach him

"more of men
Than all the Sages can."

Another advantage. The people seem to have been formed by their scenery. I saw nothing that looked like poverty. But all was keen industry and cheerful sobriety: I found poetic genius there, "plain living, and high thinking," and it seemed to me a higher order of thought prevailed there, than in any country place I ever saw. All the people are farmers, and I saw no vulgarity. I took tea at houses where no domestics were kept, and there was elegance and refinement, for there was simplicity and self-respect and gentle manners. The strange delusion of Millerism has spread much in this vicinity. I never had seen any of its victims before, and was struck with a certain poetic beauty of these people, who were "waiting for the bridegroom," who were "tarrying in the anti-chamber," having "sealed them consecrate from all work." To be sure my common sense told me that there would be a reaction, bye-and-bye, which would be felt in their rural wealth, their health, and their soundness of mind, and to the great peril of all three.

But this is digression. My point is, go to Waterford. Brattleborough is beautiful, exceedingly; I know—But Waterford lakes surpass those of Brattleboro' meadows; and Chesterfield mountain is but one, while the mountains in and about Waterford are *legion*. Finally it is cheaper than any one else: a consideration to poor students. Would I could go with you and lave myself in those *satin waters*, and lift up my eyes again to those beautiful skies, and upon these grand landscapes. I told you Waterford had its poets. I send you one piece that is in point with my subject.

"UNITARIAN ADVANCES."

Under this heading the Christian Freeman has published an article from the Register, entitled "Our Sectarianism," with the following remarks:

"The sentiment of the above article has our full approbation. It has been with some regret that we have seen in our Unitarian brethren an apparent indifference with regard to the faith of professing Christians, even upon most essential points of doctrine. We have understood them to be much in the habit repudiated above, of making "life every thing, and belief nothing." Especially those points of belief which are rated in the foregoing article as of the first importance, have been thrown into the back-ground, or entirely neglected. We mean "right views of God—his nature and government," which "are of very great importance, and have an influence, greater than we sometimes suppose, on our habits of thought and life."

Surely that which relates to the *moral character* of God, and to the *principles and purposes of his government*, is of much greater importance than is the leading subject of the Unitarian and Trinitarian controversy. Right belief in respect to the Divine Unity is important in its place. But what God is to us, to his intelligent creation, is a question of infinitely greater importance. Whether there is, in some inexplicable sense, a trinity in the mode of his existence, is not a question which so deeply concerns us, as whether he is the friend of man, with wisdom, ability and purpose, comporting with the desires of infinite goodness. And God cannot be placed before us in the requisite adorable and trustworthy character, by high sounding epithets alone. The eloquent Channing has justly said, (we quote from memory) "We cannot tell what men really think of God from the epithets which they ascribe to him. The heathen called Jupiter the *Great* and the *Good*; but when they wrote a history of his life they made it black with lust and crime. To judge what men really think of God, we must know their opinions of his acts, his disposition towards his children, and the purposes of his government over them." Yet, if Dr. Channing himself did not do this, a large portion of his sect have, as if to avoid committing themselves on the glorious result which is prominent in the Universalist faith, represented the moral world as almost without a Divine purpose and government. Looking into the physical creation, which is worth nothing in itself alone, they shout the praise and glory of God in view of his perfect plan and government in it. But coming to that department of creation for which all other things were made, the universe of created minds, each one of which is of more consequence than all the universe besides—there is no plan, no divine purpose and government! The Creator has thrown them out into being by a sport of power, and cast them upon the eddying tide of time, with no great arrangement and purpose as to what they shall be, or in what manner their wonderful powers shall be ultimately employed, whether to the production of infinite good, or infinite evil!

But we are glad that some of our most able Unitarian brethren are becoming actively interested in those great principles of Christian faith, which involve adoring and trust-inspiring views of the "*nature and government*" of God. We fully appreciate the importance of much and faithful labor to impress upon men a sense of their individual responsibilities, and, by all the philosophical and Scriptural motives of interest, as well as of gratitude and love, to train them to the choice and the love of duty. But after all, unless they have such views of God, and of the principles and purposes of his government in the physical and moral world, that they can confidingly hang the safety of the universe on the arm of almighty goodness—there will be a destitution of soul, a failing of heart, which nothing else can fill and satisfy. Our soul responds to the sentiment of the prophet, "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord."

To most of the above remarks we are very happy to express our assent, and they are written in a spirit which would make us willing to accept reproof kindly if it had been administered. But we are a little at a loss to know what is meant by the expression that a large portion of the Unitarians, "have, as if to avoid committing themselves on the glorious result which is prominent in the Universalist faith, represented the moral world as almost without a Divine purpose and government." We have thought that Unitarian writers dwelt with more than usual power on this very subject. The love of God, as connected with his justice, and in union with that dispensing his merciful promises of joy to those who will receive them, we have regarded as the central doctrine of Christianity. And carrying out this doctrine in conformity with the teachings of Christ and his apostles, we cannot but look forward to the time however distant, when all that is evil shall be subdued, and all mankind be made partakers of the salvation of Christ. But setting aside this particular idea, from which some of our brethren would dissent, we must say, that the moral purposes of God's government, and the great truths connected with it, have entered largely into the preaching and writings of our denomination. The other point, that "life is everything, belief nothing," has not received among us the attention which it deserves, nor has the philosophical absurdity, which it implies, been sufficiently regarded. Certainly a good man must be true to his convictions, and those convictions are his *belief*. His belief, therefore, is the fountain, from which the life proceeds.

WILSON'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF UNITARIANISM.

We spoke the other day of Wilson's Scriptural Illustrations of Unitarianism, and would now again call the attention of our readers to this thorough and valuable work, which, in good English type, is offered here at so low a price. Mr. Wilson is now a resident in Boston laboring for a livelihood, and we trust that those interested in the good cause will at the same time benefit themselves and him by purchasing the book.

Watch, and say, if thou canst, how the smallest leaf starts into life. The favor of the Almighty is there. Without him there could be no life. But *how* he acts upon the leaf, or how upon the soul that comprehends him not, we may not know. It is a mystery in either case; but a mystery in which the life of the plant, the life of the body and the life of the soul are equally involved. Let us cherish, though we may not understand, the faith that through the influence of God it is maintained.

INSTALLATION.

Rev. W. G. Babcock has received and accepted a unanimous invitation from the First Parish in Lunenburg, Mass. to become their pastor. The installation will take place on Wednesday, May 12th, at 11 o'clock A. M. Sermon by Rev. Mr. Gray of Boston.

☞ The regular evening services of the Society worshipping in the Warren street Chapel, under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. Fox, will be resumed, tomorrow evening. Services will commence at 7 1-2.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. SPRING'S PREACHING AGAIN.

I said in my last, that the preaching of this gentleman and of his school, fails to awaken and array the humane and merciful sensibilities of our nature in behalf of the afflicted, vicious and destitute. I of course did not mean that there were no individuals in Dr. Spring's and kindred Churches, who felt a warm interest in the improvement and happiness of society. I dare say there are. It is of the Church as such that I speak,—of the Church as moulded by the system of religion preached there. And I repeat that this want of lively sympathy with the great movement in favor of depressed, suffering humanity, is characteristic of Dr. Spring's Church, and of all others similarly trained.

This follows naturally from the fact, that the preacher never brings before the minds of his people, the actual condition of society as it exists among the very poor, the very depraved and suffering of our fellow men. Indeed, from my knowledge of Dr. Spring's habits, I suppose he is not himself well informed respecting the vicious and the impoverished classes. I presume he seldom if ever sees the inside of an almshouse, a hospital or a prison—that he rarely explores the lanes and alleys and dens of vice and garrets of poverty that abound in his vicinity. I suspect he does not often follow the laboring man to his home, after he has toiled from 12 to 14 hours at the most severe and exhausting work, and sitting by his side with a heart full of sympathy inquire into his circumstances, and devise means of lessening his toils. If there are in his Church any seamstresses, who sit plying the needle from early morn till long after midnight, to earn enough to buy bread to save them from famishing, or medicine for a sick mother, it is not a common thing for the pastor to come in to speak some cheering word, and suggest some method of alleviating the condition of poor overworked and ill paid women,—women who receive from 4d. to sixpence for making a shirt, and in proportion for other articles. These are not the topics that should take up the time and thoughts of a Doctor of Divinity. He has enough to do in propounding and explaining the origin of evil, the doctrine of original sin, of total depravity, and man's utter inability. He is bound to show his people what Origen and Augustine and Calvin believed and taught, but as to meddling with any existing disorder except the single one of heresy, he deems it quite uncalled for. It is not to be wondered at, that under such preaching the people learn very little, and are taught to feel very little the immense social evils that are oppressing the multitudes in the lower walks of life.

Such is the state of feeling in Dr. Spring's and kindred Churches, that if that clergyman should for a number of Sundays together, earnestly call the attention of his people to the privations and sufferings of the poorer classes, to the wrongs and oppressions and heart-breaking griefs to which the widows and orphans are exposed continually, and to the temptations, dangers, and stinted means of the thousands of toiling women in New York; and should he with all the warmth and pungency which the case demands, insist upon his people doing their whole duty to these unfortunate classes, I have no doubt the utter strangeness of such a strain of preaching would produce the most excited and violent surprise; and probably not a few would suspect their minister of mental derangement. Not that there would be any thing incongruous to the Gospel in such preaching, for the apostle says that pure religion before God is to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction,—but simply because it would be what the people are now entirely unused to.

It is in such Churches as this of Dr. Spring's, that such contempt, ridicule and abuse are poured upon every movement and suggestion, having in view any amendment of our social organization. There seems to be a perfect horror of any change from the present working of the social machine. The New York Observer, which may be considered the organ of that type and grade of Orthodoxy, is constantly on the alert to detect and punish any symptom of discontent with things as they are. Its custom is to brand all such with the name of the Fourierites. The slightest movement is a plunge into the system of that reformer; and then great care is taken to make the impression that his system is the synonym of every thing bad, licentious and atheistic. The effect of all this is to strengthen Fourierism in this city. As I said before, there are multitudes who are dissatisfied with the many evils that adhere to our present social system, and who believe that great improvement is desirable and practicable. When these find the Churches indifferent and averse to any improvement, and when they find themselves denounced for entertaining desires and hopes, which they are conscious originate in good will to man; it is not to be wondered at if they forsake the Church for the Association and the Phalanx. This process is going on constantly in this city, under the influence of that so-called orthodoxy which shudders at the thought of progress, and which finds all its models of perfection in the dusty folios of the fathers, and the fine-spun creeds of Reformers and Synods in the 16th century.

I know very little indeed about Fourier, and can neither praise nor condemn his system intelligently. But I believe "a better time is coming," and is greatly needed. I believe a great proportion of the vice and crime, poverty and wretchedness now prevalent might have been prevented; and that much might be done to banish the evils that every where afflict us, and to introduce a comparatively high degree of peace, content, virtue, industry, economy and happiness; and I am of opinion that the Christian Church and ministry ought to, and might be eminently instrumental in bringing those better times to pass. It is the great object for which the Church and ministry exist in this world. And if, both by precept and example, they should set forth the law of love in all the beauty, loveliness and force of a living exemplification in all the pulpits and sanctuaries of the land, and in all our intercourse with God and our fellow men, that renovation of society which we desire would be complete. But to remedy any evil we must first discern it and appreciate it; we must think upon it in all its bearings, and call the attention and engage the influence of others in its removal. And finally we must bring all the energies of a benevolent, humane and merciful religion to bear specifically and directly upon the particular evils which prevail.

All this, in my judgment, Dr. Spring's preaching fails to approach. The history of his Church year after year, is a record of births, baptisms, marriages and deaths—of sermons on the fall of man, of original sin, decrees and the like—not of orphans and widows visited, relieved and made happy—of poor and needy people rendered comfortable—of prisoners ministered to, reclaimed and saved; and such like achievements of divine benificence. The pastor has published a number of volumes—but none of them that I have seen, have dwelt upon the evils to which I have referred, or suggested any specific methods of counteraction.

Truly yours,

Cato.

Note.—Were I in need of facts, to illustrate the tendency of such preaching as Dr. Spring's, to blunt the moral sense and produce distorted views of moral truth, the Puritan of last week would furnish an apt example. That paper has laid me under obligation, by placing a scrap of truth before its readers which they seldom see or hear. But in its comment on the passage quoted from my letter, is shown strikingly how incapable of appreciating the simplest statement, are those who have been trained under Calvinistic preaching. With my letter before him and quoted by him, the Editor makes a false statement in every line of his comment. He says the extract pours contempt on prayer meetings. There is nothing of the sort in the extract. He says it commends dancing as a Christian practice; Not true. He says it tacitly approves of inveigling a Christian into a scene of revelry: Not a word of truth, nor the semblance of truth. Let any one read the question as given by the Puritan, and judge for himself. Now what am I to think of this Puritan? Why this, I suppose,—not that he intended to tell a falsehood in every line of his comment, but that through the force of an unfortunate moral training, he is incapable of seeing facts as they are, even when he transfers them with his own hand to the columns of his paper. I dare say he thinks I said as he alleges, but it is a notable instance of the power of Puritanism, to benumb and blind the moral sense.

For the Register.

SABBATH.

Thoughts suggested on reading a tract of the A. T. Society.

Do your children reverence the Sabbath, which condemns a man for walking in the green fields, and for having an hour of cheerful conversation with his family?

A walk in the green fields (according to my opinion) helps to verify "the goodness of God which is perceptible in all his works"; it improves at the same time the body and the soul, and elevates the Christianity of the Christian, and furnishes to him means, whereby he may connect the works of nature as co operators with the words of Christ concerning a future life. Here may he pray, and here may he meditate, making resolutions which shall be sanctified by God, and be cause of rejoicing to the angels. Thus will his walk be both instructive and pleasant and will lead to an evident love, for the day which is the Lord's.

Would the writer wish us to be disagreeable on the Lord's day, and like the Jews to eat no corn, we would answer in the language of Jesus, "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." "We would anoint our heads, that we may not appear unto men to fast." Was not cheerfulness a prominent trait in the character of our Savior, and should not we, as his disciples, inculcate and practise it? An outward sanctification is hypocrisy. Continued purity is an inward heaven, *cheerful* is the possessor of it in death, and acceptable at the resurrection.

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For the Register.

SUPREMACY OF CHRISTIANITY.

It was certainly intended by Christ that Religion should have authority in the world, and not be subservient to men, except in the sense of ministering to their spiritual necessities. So long as his memory and the authority of the Apostles lasted, this was secured; and even later, while the Church was persecuted, no one could think of gaining anything by patronizing the gospel, and therefore all who professed it were earnest believers of it. Afterward the dignity of the outward establishment sustained in considerable degree that authority I speak of; and there always pervaded the whole fabric of the Roman Church the idea that it was, as representative of Christ, a world-controlling power, and that before the people, the very last thing it was to do, was to bend. I humbly submit that this was a very great idea, and that by it the Catholic Church presided with an astonishing power over the chaotic forces of the middle ages. The ambition that mingled with this spiritual greatness was its sure ruin, inasmuch as it disturbed the sources of that conviction. So soon as the Churchmen themselves believed that the Church was an edifice of cunning, they lost their position of eminence. When the Church of form perished, and the Church of doctrine rose in its place, the reformers established the Gospel again in its authority, by the power of the Scriptures which they translated, and by seizing with an uncontrollable enthusiasm on the characteristic doctrines in them. Christianity was felt once more in great strength, if not in the fullness of its beauty. But the rock on which the Reformers wrecked was the authority of the prince. The religion came into servitude to government; and of course there was the end of it. And this hangs in close connexion with another of its faults, which is its chief one of all, its dogmatism; for if it had less of this, and more of the contrary or mystic extreme, it might have withstood the temporal power, and vindicated to itself an independent and substantial existence, wherever it was planted. Then it would have succeeded to the empire of the Catholic Church, and moulded and controlled society. I will not deny that it will do so in the end; but one may see in England, in Prussia, and indeed over the whole continent, that its principles act still under restraint and have not yet thrown off the sceptre.

But in England a new order of things arose in the Congregational system. In that the Gospel came back to a primitive basis; and the Churches that were gathered bore some resemblance to the first. It is true that this great reformation, getting hold of political power, lost something of its first life and was deformed with extravagance and hypocrisy, and that in its affectations it became ridiculous. But its spirit was refreshed by the adversities of a new world, and when it had the ocean between it and its adversaries, nothing could exceed the hope which dwelt in its combined simplicity and sincerity. When a body of refugee saints was gathered on a virgin shore, the sweetness of the Church's infancy seemed to be restored to it, and that immortal life which belonged to it, secured. The essential distinction of those men was that they really believed the world they inhabited to be but a short present dwelling-place, and spent their time in preparing for another. The idea of an immortal brotherhood had taken hold on them; and they reckoned themselves, by their allegiance to Christ, to be subjects of God's everlasting favor. All their institutions therefore, and whatever they did, had the odor, and the immense force, of piety; and their ministers, who were their true governors, were self-denying, learned and devout. But they left no organization, which could of itself perpetuate the blessing. They transmitted little, if they transmitted not the heart of their piety. All their institutions were simple, relying on the soul that should animate them. When, therefore, as was the case in more prosperous and worldly times, their spirit grew faint,—when the star which had shone upon their night, grew dim,—when the trust in a superior world ceased to inspire,—the hope of men in this new foundation of human society sunk, another light seemed to have withdrawn itself from the firmament. In the societies which descended from that great original, bickering had more place than prayer, the brotherhood was no longer a brotherhood of believers, and the dependent ministry caught the spirit of their flocks. Since that time we have religion no more exhibited in its authority, I would say the gospel no more in that awful supremacy which it deserves to hold on the earth, but brought into subjection to fashion, to societies which have no belief nor knowledge of the things they handle, and stooping to the arts which are proper for the creatures of popular favor. The Gospel has lost its awfulness in losing its supremacy; and because it retains the phraseology which belonged to it in its eminence, it has superadded to its other disgraces a general air of hypocrisy, a certain meaningless weakness, which exposes it to contempt. The noblest minds hold themselves aloof from the deliberations and honors of the Church; and what dignity can remain with a thing that is subservient to popular favor.

It is related of Anushirvan the Emperor of Persia that having a difficult and rebellious province to govern he sent into it a servant named Yezdegerd who ruled it with admirable justice and wisdom, and whether he sat on his tribunal, or led his armies, or whatever part he attempted of a paternal government, he appeared with a dignity which was very impressive, and displayed a mildness which was sublime. But the ferocious inhabitants raised a successful rebellion, and being defeated and himself terribly wounded, he was barely carried off alive by some of the Emperor's guards which came in just at the right moment. The Emperor received Yezdegerd with marked favor, and said to him; "thou hast been unfortunate but not unfaithful", and gave him attendants from his own household and a place in his own palace. He then sent another servant whose name was Mardawig to govern that province; and he conquered it and established himself there with an imposing sovereignty. He required them to do homage to him as representative of the Emperor, and by institutions suited to them subdued their wildness, and established order and law and the magnificence of art. But his pride became inordinate, and he fell into unprincely vices, and after a part of the province had thrown him off, he was recalled by the Emperor. The Emperor received him with a very sad, but merciful expression of countenance, and with these words: "Mardawig, thou hast governed my people, but thou hast not learned my will." And he then took off his regal robes, and clad him in mean habiliments, and sent him as a pupil to be instructed by Yezdegerd. The province meanwhile remaining without a governor and divided, the Emperor sent into it another servant whose name was Ahmed, who ruled with sternness but gloriously, and who filled the people with a great reverence for the authority of the Emperor, inasmuch as he was seen to be filled with it himself. He was severe in his resentment of vice, but was equally zealous in spreading culture and instruction among the inhabitants. Ahmed always appeared like the first servant of a mighty king, and was loved by the people because he never took a bribe and because he was humble. For some unknown reason, however, he was recalled, and had a place with Yezdegerd in a very delectable garden. But the children of Ahmed were allowed to succeed to his power; and they dishonored it with senseless pageantry. They were divided in their counsel and each sought to overtop the other. For this purpose they made use of the passions of the people, attempting to gain them by shows and by the specious harangues of orators. By equipage and dress they imposed on the vulgar, and lost the sober simplicity of their father, and with it the greatness of his reign. In the fopperies of the rulers, the subjects no longer saw the awful authority of empire, and learned to disregard a power thus trivially represented. So that disorders ensued, and a general decay took possession of the resources and institutions of the province. The Emperor in consequence cited the young princes before him, and chid them for falling from the example of such a father, and commanded (if the manuscript of Sarsin be correct) that their tongues should be cut out, and that they should be sent back to their government. But another manuscript reads only that he had their hairs cut off, by which I understand that he meant to chastise their vanity. And he charged them "henceforth to govern in his fear."

DISCIPULUS.

For the Register.

FAULT-FINDING.

It has become a too common practice, as it seems to us, to find fault and indulge in a spirit of complaint. Nothing is easier,—and nothing perhaps, is more injurious, alike to those who indulge in it, and to those who are the subjects of it. It produces an unpleasant or irritable state of the mind on the part of the fault-finder, and, generally, a feeling or sense of injustice or indignation, or coldness on the part of those who are found fault with. It seldom or never corrects the evil complained of, and more frequently is the cause of *some* which are of a greater, and more permanent character.

This spirit, in the family, is an evil at the present time. It is only another name for scolding; and this curse embitters the happiness of both parent and child. Fretfulness and irritability are the certain consequences. It were much better if parents, after simply pointing out wherein their child had failed, should utter the language of commendation, of encouragement and praise for those things in which the child had succeeded. The same spirit is abroad also in the community; and is encouraging a feeling of dissatisfaction with our condition as a people and for many or most of our institutions. It were much better if these fault-finders would produce remedies, suggest improvements,—

strengthen the places which are weak, rather than to create "a spirit of doubt, distrust and commendation."

This same spirit, unhappily, is creeping into our Churches. It disposes some, in secret, or in a more public way, to find fault with their ministers. These persons without realising or attempting to realise the number and intensity of their Pastor's labors, the many calls made upon their time,—the hours required for study, the difficulty of finding new subjects, original thoughts and expressions, and the more than human achievement of preparing one or more perfect orations or resources for every week in the year,—they turn to the dark side of the picture, spy out the little spots on the sun,—and find fault if perchance their minister repeats occasionally a discourse upon which as yet he is sure *they* have never practised, or from time to time mingles with his manuscript various colored paper,—or sometimes when the day is dark, or from some accidental cause, commits the heinous offence of pausing a moment at a single word. Would it not be much better if such fault-finders should go to their pastors and state their grievances personally? Explanations would doubtless be given which might be mutually satisfactory. They might, possibly, and probably would, learn, that other and more pressing duties such as visits to the sick, consolations to the mourners, the burial of the dead, personal illness, and the like, were causes which could be offered to account for and excuse their minister's deficiencies. Would it not be much better for such hearers themselves to look on the brighter view which the subject presents,—to remember and recall all the wise counsel, sound and noble thought which their pastor has presented by himself and by others from week to week, and from year to year; the devotional exercises both from the pulpit and the choir from which the richest nutriment has always been drawn by the waiting soul; and beyond this, the excellent instruction which is provided in connexion with the Church at all times both for themselves and their children,—rendering the temple where they worship a place of moral and religious advantages which can be sustained by few even in the very garden of sanctuaries and religious privileges. Would not such a cause be far better for the enlargement and prosperity of the Church, since the other only create a feeling of disgust among those who attend for spiritual improvement rather than to be gratified by flights of eloquence, or the highest polish of style, or for new and it may be, unsound doctrines? Let these questions be pondered, and we are competent there will be less of faultfinding, and more of improvement and satisfaction on the part of all in attending public worship.

A LAYMAN.

For the Register.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETIES.

A Society whose operations are necessarily quiet and unobtrusive,—whose claims are rarely pressed upon the community, must as a matter of course, be comparatively little known. But when such a society is doing a useful, though honorable work, the Directors owe it to themselves, to make from time to time, such statements as will keep those who are interested in its objects, well-informed as to the extent of its labors, and as to some of its advantages and claims.

At its annual meeting on Monday afternoon last, such a statement in brief, was made; and we think it will be interesting to its friends, and those who have recently renewed their subscriptions to understand the nature and amount of its labors during the past year.

Its Depository then, which is kept at the book store of Mr. S. G. Simpkins, recently removed from Tremont Row to No. 94 Washington street, has been kept fully supplied through the year with tracts, books and pamphlets, both practical and controversial, on a great variety of interesting and useful subjects, and composed by some of the best minds of our denomination. It may not be so well known as it should be, that this Depository is open and free to all who are annual subscribers or life members, and to all Laymen and Clergymen who wish to obtain books or tracts for gratuitous distribution.

During the past year there has been a steady call at the Depository, and large numbers of tracts and books have gone from it to find a wide distribution in almost every part of our wide extended denomination. On examining the Record Book, we find that some have gone to Montreal in Canada, some to Meaville, Pennsylvania, some to Kentucky, some to Tennessee, some to Missouri, and some to Louisana; some to the States of Connecticut, Vermont, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and New York; and some to a large number of towns on Massachusetts. Large donations were made to Elders, Harvey, Lane and Walter for distribution among the Christians in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other places in the West; many have been taken and distributed by the Ministers at, Large among the poor in Boston, Charlestown, Providence, towns in the County of Essex, and in Louisville, Ky., and large numbers through Rev. Mr. Taylor among the sailors at the Bethel.

The whole number of tracts thus distributed the last year has been upwards of *twelve thousand*, —and it should be remembered that these are not tracts of two or four pages only, but those averaging twelve or more,—making the total number of pages distributed not less than one hundred and fifty thousand. Besides those, the society has distributed *four hundred volumes of books*, including forty-eight volumes, or eight entire sets of Channing's works, placed in the hands of those who will keep them in constant circulation among those who desire to be enlightened as to our views, and that their virtue and piety may be increased.

We have entered into this detail of facts that those who are friends and subscribers to the Society may feel more justly the extent and usefulness of its operations, and be more ready to appreciate its claims, and to supply its wants cheerfully and generously. If it were consistent with the feelings of the Government, we could wish that a public meeting of the Society, might be held during the Anniversary week at which those who have seen the good resulting from the Society might state the facts which are the result of their experience and observation. G.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

At the Annual Meeting of the Sunday School Society, on Wednesday afternoon, April 21st, the following Officers were unanimously elected to serve for the present year.

Hon. S. C. PHILLIPS, President; Rev. F. T. GRAY, G. F. THAYER, Esq., Rev. JOSEPH ALLEN, J. W. FOSTER Esq., Rev. S. G. BULFINCH, Hon. SAMUEL HOAR, Rev. GEO. W. HOSMER, Rev. W. G. ELIOT, Vice Presidents; Rev. CHARLES BROOKS, Cor. Secretary; Mr. S. G. SIMPKINS, Rec. Secretary; LEWIS G. PRAY, Treasurer.

All communications on the subject of the Agency, directed to the Treasurer at No. 11 Allen Street, will receive immediate attention.

OUR NEW YORK CORRESPONDENT.

The New York Observer complains bitterly of some of the statements made by our New York Corresondent, and of the illiberal tone of the letters. We can only say in reply, that the charges are made by one who from his long connection, as a clergyman, with the Orthodox body in that quarter, has had ample opportunity to know the things wherof he writes, and if there is anything illiberal in his mode of writing, it is probably because he finds it more difficult to get rid of the spirit than the doctrines of his old Theology. We have no doubt that he is able to carry on the Controversy upon which he has entered. If the Observor or any one else will furnish evidence that his statements are wrong, we will very cheerfully publish the corrections. Such general disclaimers as it has given, are of no value and very slightly affect the points at issue.

MISSIONARY FESTIVAL.

The Ladies connected with Rev. Mr. Whitney's Society at Brighton have lately held a Festival at the Town Hall, for the purpose of making a collection to aid the cause of Domestic Missions, through our American Association. It was conducted, we understand, as the Roxbury May-day Festivals, which have been held for several years, for the same object, and was very fully attended through the evening. Nearly five hundred dollars were obtained, of which nearly four hundred have been transmitted to the Treasurer of the Association. The Hall was decorated with flowers and evergreens; useful and fancy articles were sold, and music and other entertainments were provided for the evening. Why will not other Societies do something in this way to increase the funds of our Association, on which there were never more demands from the needy, than now. The Societies, which like this, are so intimately connected with the city, have peculiar facilities for conducting such a Festival. But the able Societies farther removed, would find both pleasure and profit, new bonds of sympathy and union for themselves, apart from the satisfactions of thus aiding a good cause, by occasionally interesting all, the old and the young in such a meeting. How many young men will gladly appropriate five dollars for an evening's entertainment at a ball! Why may not the same interest and willingness be occasionally enlisted in a charitable object, through the same social principles exercised by innocent enjoyment!

Rev. Dr. Pierce was present at the above meeting and entertained the company, as usual, with some pleasant remarks. We were told that among the articles sold, was an original letter of Washington, a present from Deacon Wright of the Society, which, probably, the General, when he wrote it, little imagined was ever to be so appropriated. There was likewise a valuable present from Mr. Henry G. Andrews of this city. Several fir trees, of nearly the height of the hall, were given by the Messrs. Winship, for forming arbors, and various other individual contributions were made. There was also exhibited a beautiful silver vase and a valuable basket, which were gifts from individuals of the Society to their Pastor. We hope to record other gatherings of this kind for a similar object, and with equal success.

OBITUARIES.

For the Register.

JAMES S. BABCOCK, A. M.

Died, in Columbia, Conn. April 13th, after a protracted and distressing illness, Mr. James Straton Babcock, A. M. of South Coventry Conn. aged 31 years.

Mr. Babcock graduated at Yale College in the class of 1840, receiving on the occasion, the highest honors of the institution. Soon after leaving College he visited the Southern States, and was appointed principal over a celebrated literary institution located at Tuscaloosa Ala. In this vocation he continued three years, an honor to the profession, respected and loved by the young men under his instruction. As a *teacher*, Mr. B. was a model of the profession, and much did his pupils regret his leaving them, when he returned to his home.

While in Tuscaloosa, he delivered several courses of lectures on the duties of young men, which were characteristic of noble sentiment and of pure and elevating morality. The city press spake of them in the highest terms of commendation.

After his return to the north, he was engaged as tutor in one of the classical departments of his *alma mater*, but ill health caused him to resign, from which time until his death he was engaged in literary pursuits.

His knowledge of men and things was very extensive, and a personal intimacy existed between him and many of the wisest and best men in the country. While in College he conducted a Literary Gazette of considerable merit, with much talent and ability. He was also for several years a contributor to several of the ablest Reviews and Journals in the country. He left several hundred pages of manuscript both in prose and verse, which when published will doubtless form a valuable acquisition to the literature of our country.

Mr. Babcock's theological opinions were liberal and ennobling. He was an ardent admirer of the immortal Channing, and was only satisfied with those high and holy views of Deity and his attributes, which are characteristic of a noble mind and pure soul.

He died in a strong faith of a better state of existence, and though he is lost to earth, yet his virtues remain, and his sweet remembrance will ever live, and his friends feel an assurance that his spirit blooms in the celestial garden of Paradise.

He has gone from scenes of toil and care, to rove though bowers of holy bliss; Angels of mercy are guarding him there, while he glories in the light of holiness. H. L. C.

SILAS HOLMAN.

Died, in Bolton, 25th ult, Gen. Silas Holman, aged 86. He was connected with the State Legislature between twenty and thirty years, either as a member of the House or of the Senate, and was one of the Governor's council during the administrations of Strong and Brooks. When Maine was separated from Massachusetts, he was appointed one of the Commissioners on the part of this state to portion off the public lands. He has been extensively engaged, during a large part of his life, in making public and private surveys, and has held many other offices, besides those enumerated above, of trust and honor.

His old age was dignified and happy, rendered serene not only by the consolations of religion, but also by his own remarkably even and cheerful temperament. His last distressing illness was borne without a murmur, and he died in the full faith of a blessed immortality.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

SUMMARY. News has been received of the success of the American forces in California.—The Hon. Martin Brimmer, formerly Mayor of this city, a gentleman widely esteemed for his liberal deeds, died suddenly on Saturday about 3 1-2 P. M.—The Emperor of Brazil, on account of the occurrences in November and December last, relating to some American seamen, we believe, has declined receiving a visit of congratulation, on the birth of her most Serene Highness, Isabel, from the American Minister.—The legislature of this Commonwealth was prorogued on Monday afternoon. The Governor has approved 280 bills and 102 resolves which have been passed.—From accounts from various quarters *freshets* are expected this spring.—The Penobscot is free from ice and navigable.—There is no news this week of importance.

We take the following summary from the Advertiser. The experience of our readers in this vicinity will confirm its truth.

CHANGE OF WEATHER. On Monday morning, 19th April, the thermometer stood at 25 degs., on Wednesday the 21st, it rose to 65 degs., having been on any previous day the present year no higher than 58. The lowest of the following night was the same, 58 degs. On Thursday it rose to 81 degs., being a rise of 56 degrees since Monday morning, three days.

At about 5 o'clock, P. M. the wind changed to the East, and the mercury fell about 20 degrees. We had a brisk shower of rain, accompanied by lightning, and the remainder of the day was comparatively cool.

The hot weather of Thursday went off even more rapidly than it came on. After the shower, it continued to grow cold, so that at 10 o'clock in the evening, the thermometer had fallen to 48 degs., a fall of 33 degs. in 7 hours, averaging nearly 5 degs. an hour. Friday, at 3 P. M., it stood at 37 degs.; 44 degs. lower than at the same hour the day before. This is lower than it has been at mid-day, since the first two days of the month;—furnishing a near approximation to the remarkable fact, of the coldest day of the month following immediately after the hottest. There was a fall of snow, for two or three hours Friday afternoon, which melted immediately.

We may add; Sunday was pleasant, cold and windy. Monday was warmer, and in the evening fine showers. Tuesday pleasant again. Wednesday, fair; Thursday, cloudy, warm; fine *growing* weather. Farther than this we have kept no record. It is our impression that the past year or so has been very remarkable for more than an average share of *wind*. Calm days have been the exception.

THE METHODIST SEMINARY. The sum of $10,000 says Zion's Herald, for the endowment of the University, has all been secured in cash or good notes, at interest, except about $600. The interest of the whole sum has been regularly paid for two or three years.

BIBLES. The American Bible Society issued last month 43,401 copies of Bibles and Testaments, making the issue, for the last nine months, 504,509.

The manufacturing companies of Lowell have resolved to allow the operatives, after the 1st of May, three quarters of an hour for breakfast, and the same for dinner. Heretofore they have had three quarters of an hour for dinner during the months of May, June, July and August, and only half an hour during the other eight months of the year, and half an hour for breakfast the year round. [Lowell Courier.

The Universal German Gazette publishes the following statistical information:

Of the fifty-two reigning sovereigns of Europe, only two have attained their seventieth year. The one is the King of Hanover, the oldest of European sovereigns since the death of Pope Gregory XVI., the other the king of France. Of the other sovereigns, thirteen are between sixty and seventy, fourteen between fifty and sixty, eleven between forty and fifty, two between thirty and forty, eight between twenty and thirty, and two have not yet reached their twentieth year—the Queen of Spain, who is sixteen, and the Prince of Waldeck, who is not yet sixteen. The Prince of Scauenburg-Lippe has reigned the longest of all the monarchs, if we include the time of his minority. He has reigned nearly sixty years. Two have reigned more than forty, four between thirty and forty years, nine between twenty and thirty, twenty-one between ten and twenty; the fifteen other sovereigns, of whom three ascended their thrones during the last year, have not yet reigned ten years. Six sovereigns are not married. These, independently of the Pope, are the Grand Duke of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin, the Duke of Brunswick, the Princes of Reuss-Schleitz, of Reuss-Evesdorf, and of Waldeck. Five sovereigns are widowed: the King of Hanover, the Grand Dukes of Hesse and Oldenburg, the Duke of Nassau, and the Dutchess of Parma. One sovereign, the Sultan of Turkey, is a polygamist, and one, the elector of Hesse, has contracted a *morganatic* marriage. The thirty-nine others have contracted marriages in accordance to their rank; two for the third time and eight for the second time. Of the forty-six married and widowed, thirteen have no children; of the thirty-three others, those who have the largest number of children, are after the Sultan, the Prince of Lichenstein, who has nine children, the King of Bavaria and the Prince of Lippe, who have each eight, the Grand Duke of Baden, who has seven; six other sovereigns have also each seven, three have only one. Fifteen have grand children; the King of France has fifteen, the Emperor of Russia, the Grand Dukes of Hesse and Saxe Weimar, and the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, have each six. As the Duke of Saxe Altenburg has only daughters, there are thirty-two sovereigns who have descendants for their presumptive successors.

THE TWO SEMINARIES. The sites for the two institutions provided for by the Council, during its last session, have ultimately been chosen. The one in the vicinity of this place, the other of Park Hill. They are to be eighty feet square. The body eighty by forty, with two wings, each forty feet, with a passage eighteen feet between. Height —two stories. They are to be constructed of brick, with a foundation of stone. School, dining and sleeping apartments, &c., all to be in one building. One hundred pupils each, it is intended that they should accommodate. This is an important era in the history of the Cherokee Nation. Now are many warm hearts about to realize yearnings that have been the source of signal anxiety for years. The most ample means for the acquisition of a liberal education will soon be within the reach of all our Cherokee youth. The sons and daughters of the poor, who, in the absence of an adequacy to attend an Eastern institution, have through necessity been compelled to grow up illiterate, will have all these directly at home. They will have buildings, instructors, every thing, provided specially for them, that would honor any community—any nation. There is now no doubt as to these seminaries going into operation, at the farthest calculation, within 18 months or two years, and probably sooner. [Cherokee Advocate, March 25th.

Hon. John Cotton, M. D., died at his residence in Marietta, Ohio, on the 2d instant, aged 86 years Dr. Cotton was a lineal descendant from the divine of that name, who landed on the rock of Plymouth. He was remarkable for his literary and scientific attainment, his sound judgment, and his unobtrusive piety.

Galignani publishes a letter from Hanover, saying that:—

On the 16th of March, Miss Caroline Herschell, sister and for a long time assistant of the illustrious astronomer, celebrated the ninety-seventh anniversary of her birth day. The King sent to compliment her; the Prince and Princess Royal paid her a visit, and the latter presented her with a magnificent arm chair, the back of which had been embroidered by her royal Highness; and the Minister of Prussia, in the name of his sovereign, remitted to her the gold medal awarded for the extension of the sciences. Miss Herschell is herself distinguished for astronomical rerearches, and particularly for the construction of a seleno-graphical globe in relief of the surface of the moon. Notwithstanding her advanced age and infirmities, she still passes several hours every day in astronomical labors, and not unfrequently spends the whole night in her observatory.

G. Washington Warren was inaugurated as the Mayor of the new city of Charlestown, on Monday. The oath of office was administered by John Soley, Esq., the oldest magistrate in the city. After which the Mayor delivered his inaugural address. The Mayor held a levee at his house in the evening, for the reception of his fellow citizens.

LIGHTNING. While Mr. Levi Slade was going on horseback from Chelsea Village to his Spice Mill, at about eight o'clock, on Thursday evening, his horse was struck by lightning and instantly killed. Mr. Slade himself was not harmed, though momentarily stunned by the shock. On Thursday afternoon during the shower, a house on High street, occupied by Hon. John Goddard, was struck with lightning, which passed through several rooms, injuring the furniture and playing various fantastic freaks, but without material damage to the house. Four persons, the only ones in the house, were sitting in a room in which the lightniug did not enter. They were in nowise effected, except by the stunning noise and sulphurous smell.

THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW ATHENÆUM. The corner stone of the new building now being erected on Beacon street, for the use of the Boston Athenæum, was laid with appropriate ceremonies, yesterday morning. The President of the Athenæum, the Hon. Thomas G. Cary, introduced to the audience who were assembled, the Hon. Josiah Quincy, who had been invited to deliver the address on the occasion. Mr. Quincy's address gave an interesting and well connected history of the institution, and it was listened to with marked attention. After the delivery of the address, the corner stone was laid, under the direction of the President. A copper box was placed within the stone, containing a copy of each of the newspapers published in the city; also specimens of the various coin now in circulation in the United States, and other articles. The box also contained a plate, with the following inscriptions:

The Corner Stone of this Building,
dedicated to Letters and the Arts
by the Proprietors of the Boston Athenæum,
was laid
on the 27th day of April, in the Year of Our Lord
one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven,
and in the forty-first year of the Institution,
which,
founded by the exertions
of William Smith Shaw and the other members of
that Association of Ingenuous Scholars
"The Anthology Club,"
has in later days been enlarged and adorned
by the generosity and public spirit of many contributors,
and especially by the munificence of
James Perkins,
Thomas Handasyd Perkins, his brother,
James Perkins, his son,
and
John Bromfield.
Whenever this stone shall be removed,
may it be only to improve and perpetuate the Institution.

And on the reverse—

PRINCIPAL ENDOWMENTS OF THE BOSTON ATHENÆUM, BEFORE THE YEAR 1847.

The sum of Forty-Two Thousand Dollars was raised for the General purposes of the Athenæum, by voluntary subscriptions for shares created in 1807.

JAMES PERKINS, in 1821, gave his own costly Mansion, in Pearl street, which from that time has been the Seat of the Institution.

In the same year, Twenty-Two Thousand Dollars were raised by voluntary subscriptions for shares.

THOMAS HANDASYD PERKINS (beside his earlier and later valuable donations) and JAMES PERKINS, the younger, seconded in 1826 the liberality of the brother and the father, each giving Eight Thousand Dollars; and the sum of their contributions was increased to Forty-Five Thousand Dollars by other subscriptions, obtained chiefly through the efforts and influence of Nathaniel Bowditch, Francis Calley Gray, George Ticknor, and Thomas Wren Ward.

AUGUSTUS THORNDIKE, in 1825, gave a choice collection of casts of the most celebrated Ancient Statues.

GEORGE WATSON BRIMMER, in 1838, gave a magnificent collection of books on the Fine Arts.

JOHN BROMFIELD, in 1846, gave Twenty-Five Thousand Dollars as a fund, to be regularly increased by one quarter of the income, of which the other three quarters are to be annually applied to the purchase of books forever.

The sum of Seventy-Five Thousand Dollars, for the erection of this Building, was raised by voluntary subscriptions for shares created in 1844.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR MDCCCXLVII.

President, Thomas Greaves Cary. Vice President, John Amory Lowell. Treasurer, Josiah Quincy, Jr. Trustees, William Turrell Andrews, Edward Wigglesworth, William Hicking Prescott, Enoch Hale, George Stillman Hillard, Samuel Austin, Jr., James Binney, Charles Amory, Oliver Wendell Holmes. Secretary, Henry Tuke Parker. Librarian, Charles Folsom.

Architects, Edward Clarke Cabot, & George Minot Dexter.

James Knox Polk, President of the United States.
George Nixon Briggs, Governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.
Josiah Quincy, Jun., Mayor of the City of Boston.

DANISH HAMLET. I have lately read a new tragedy on the subject of Hamlet written by M. Oehlenschlager, the celebrated Danish poet, and performed with much success in Copenhagen. Through the kindess of a friend in that capital, I have been fortunate enough to procure a copy of this tragedy in the original Danish. When I first heard that M. Oehlenschlager had written on this subject, I could not refrain from thinking it a presumptuous undertaking on the part of any poet, no matter what his genius, to attempt to treat a subject already handled by the great English dramatist. Since I have read M. Oehlenschlager's tragedy my view of the matter has quite changed. There is indeed so little resemblance between Shakspeare's Hamlet and the historic legend from whence he originally took the idea of this tragedy, that we cannot be surprised that the poet, who had dramatized so many of the ancient legends of his native land, should have endeavored to throw into a dramatic form one of the most poetic of them all. The object of the Danish poet has been to follow as closely as possible this national legend, and he has succeeded in giving to his drama an air of primitive simplicity to which the genius of the Danish language lends a great charm; for Shakspeare's Hamlet it were in vain to seek for any of this local coloring. His Hamlet is a young prince of the end of the 16th century, and not only a Christian, but a Christian philosopher, and his character is entirely a creation of the poet's own genius. It is a fact worthy of remark, that stage-tradition seems so well to have understood this, that in representation, Hamlet always wears the costume of that age, whereas the King and Queen wear the dress of a much earlier period. This remark may also extend to the drawings of those artists, such as Retsch, and others, who have chosen Hamlet as the subject of their art. And would it not indeed be a singular and unnatural spectacle to hear a man dressed like an inhabitant of the peninsular of Jutland of the 9th or 10th centuries—that is to say, of a period when Christianity had not yet penetrated into the benighted regions of the North—speaking the monologue: "*to be or not to be?*" The contradiction would be too striking. Religious skepticism like that of Hamlet, cannot exist before the religion which gives rise to it. In M. Oehlenschlager's tragedy we find, on the contrary, all the characters in keeping; and it is great merit of this writer, to have drawn with so much simplicity and nature the features of those barbarous ages in which the scene of his tragedies is generally placed, that whilst perusing them the reader feels himself transported both to the country and to the age of the poet's heroes. M. Oehlenschlager has of course restored to all the characters of his new tragedy the names which historical tradition had given to them. Thus, the king is called *Fengo*, the queen *Geruthe*, Hamlet's bride *Sigrid*, and the name of the hero is written according to the ancient orthography, *Amleth*. This tragedy will doubtless be translated into the German, as all the other works of the poet have been, and be thus rendered more accessible than in the Danish language, which is so little known out of Denmark. [Paris Cor. N. Y. Courier.

*** The Corner Stone of the Church now erecting on the corner of Harrison Avenue and Beach Street, will be laid with appropriate services on Monday, May 3d, at 6 o'clock A. M.

☞ NOTICE TO AUXILIARY ASSOCIATIONS. Auxiliary Associations are requested to make their annual payments to the Treasurer of the Parent Association, HENRY P. FAIRBANKS, Esq., No. 56 Pearl street, on or before the 20th of May.

CHARLES BRIGGS, Gen. Sec. A. U. A.
myl

☞ The Professors in the Theological School at Cambridge would gratefully acknowledge the receipt of Thirty Dollars from a Friend to the School, in aid of the funds for indigent students. myl

☞ NOTICE. The Treasurer of the American Unitarian Association, acknowledges the receipt of three hundred and sixty five dollars from Rev. Mr. Whitney's Society, at Brighton, in aid of Domestic Missions,—of which seventy five dollars are appropriated under the direction of the Executive Committee, to assist in rebuilding the Unitarian Church at Haverhill.

H. P. FAIRBANKS, Treasurer A. U. A.
myl

☞ NOTICE. The Middlesex North Association will hold their next meeting at Rev J. C. Smith's, in Groton, on Wednesday, May 5th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

ap24 JOS. C. SMITH, Scribe.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev S. K. Lothrop, Mr Samuel H. Russell to Miss Louisa Ann, eldest daughter of Benjamin Adams, Esq.

26th inst, by Rev C. Robbins, Mr P. S. Davis to Elizabeth S. Lambert.

Mr Horatio N. Bundy to Miss Caroline E. Conner.

25th inst, Mr William Marshall to Miss Harriet Walker.

In Cambridge, by Rev Mr Ware, Mr John Farley to Miss Ellen C. Hunnewell.

In Dorchester, 20th inst, (at the residence of Mr Stephen Wales,) by Rev Mr Hall, Mr S. Klous of Boston, to Miss A. R. Parker of D.

In Reading, 22d inst, by Rev Dr Gannett, James Hayward, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Mary Parker of R.

In Providence, by Rev E. B. Hall, Frank Mauran to Mary A., eldest daughter of James T. Rhodes, Esq.

In Springfield, by Rev Dr Peabody, Wellington Thompson, Esq. to Miss Caroline L., daughter of the late Dr George Frost.

In Keene, N. H., by Rev A. A. Livermore, Mr Andrew J. Snow to Miss Lucy J. Burpee, both of Dublin.

In Yazoo City, Miss, 8th, Haliburton Fales, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Elizabeth J., daughter of the late J. Beale, Esq. of Philadelphia.

15th ult, at the Legation of the United States of America in Paris, France, by Rev Archdeacon Keating, Mr Frederick A. Lovering to Miss Juliana Maria Shimmin, daughter of William Shimmin, Esq. both of Boston, United States of America.

DEATHS.

In this city, William Reynolds, Esq. 82.

Lucy S., wife of Edward Haynes, Jr. and daughter of Freeman Fisher, 33.

At his residence in Beacon street, on Sunday morning, at half past 3 o'clock, Hon Martin Brimmer, late Mayor of this city.

In Newton Corner, at the residence of his brother, A. W. Paine, Esq., 58.

In Waltham, 22d inst, Mr George Porter, 85.

In Essex, 14th inst, Mr Benjamin Burnham, 92—a soldier of the revolution. He left three children, thirty-two grand-children, fifty-two great-grand-children, and two great-great-grand-children.

Also, 16th, Mr John Burnham, 93—a soldier of the revolution. Also, Mehitable, wife of Mr John Burnham, 90. The three oldest inhabitants of Essex. Mr Burnham and his wife were both buried in one grave on Monday. They had lived together over 60 years.—[Twelve persons have died in Essex since January 12th, whose united ages amount to 970 years.

In Lexington, 26th ult, Miss Mary Frances, eldest daughter of Isaac B. Smith, 16 yrs 8 mos.

In North Reading, 21st inst, Lieut Daniel Parker, a revolutionary soldier.

In Warwick, 21st inst, Samuel F. Taylor of Boston, 24.

In Edgartown, 26th inst, Hon Timothy Daggett, 79.

In Taunton, 21st inst, Mr C. F. Davenport, 34, for many years connected with the Taunton and Boston Railroad Co.

In Northampton, 4th inst, Mrs Esther, widow of the late Thomas Upson, 83.

In Westhampton, 14th inst, Sylvanus Clapp, Esq: 83.

In Peru, 8th inst, Mr Roger Haskell, a revolutionary soldier, 94.

In Portsmouth, NH., Mrs Anna, widow of the late Capt Joshua L. Huntress, 98.

In Oldtown, Me, greatly lamented, Mercy H., wife of Hon Samuel Coney, and daughter of Joseph Sewall, Esq. of Farmington, 31.

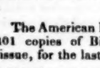
In Brooklyn, NY, 19th inst, Daniel Ingalls, 88, a revolutionary soldier, and for many years one of the most respected merchants of Boston.

In Newark, NJ, 3d inst, Aaron Thompson, 84, one of the small remaining company of old Jersey Blues.

PRICES REDUCED.

GRANITE BLOCK, 14 & 15 HOWARD STREET.

DR. B. T. PRESCOTT



Would inform his friends and the public generally, that having increased his facilities for manufacturing and inserting Mineral Teeth on gold plates, and secured the services of accomplished workmen in the several branches of Dentistry, is now enabled to afford whole or parts of sets, done in the very best manner, on fine gold, at a much lower rate than formerly.

Particular attention paid to cleansing and filling Teeth with gold, thereby arresting the progress of decay, and rendering them useful for many years. *Toothache cured in the majority of cases without extracting.* Prices reasonable. All operations warranted to give complete satisfaction, or no pay. Please call and examine specimens.

STONE BUILDING,
14 & 15 HOWARD STREET,
OPPOSITE PEMBERTON HOUSE,
BOSTON.

N. B. Having furnished his apartments with gas lights, DR. PRESCOTT is able to attend to any operations in Dentistry in the evening. tf myl

ORGANS

OF any size, and of a perfection of mechanism and tone, UNSURPASSED by any built in this country, furnished at short notice and upon the most LIBERAL terms.

We refer, with others, to the celebrated Organ in Rev. Dr. Beecher's Church, Boston. Professional reference of the FIRST authority.

SIMMONS & McINTIRE,
47 & 49 Causeway street, Boston.
myl osly

WRENTHAM ACADEMY. The Summer Term will commence on Tuesday, the 8th of June, and continue eleven weeks, followed by a vacation of two weeks. This Institution is designed to fit young men for college, and to qualify the student for any department in life he may be called to fill.

The Subscribers will take into their families the coming term, a limited number of young lads or young men, who will receive every attention, which will render their situation agreeable and profitable.

The Academy is pleasantly located in the centre of the town of Wrentham, nearly equidistant between Boston and Providence, to and from either of which places is a daily communication.

The society and location are such as to highly recommend it both to the student and parent.

TERMS—Board and Tuition from $112 to 125 per annum.

REFERENCES—Rev. Elisha Fiske, Wrentham; Rev. Horace James, do; Rev. E. S. Gannett, D. D.; Rev. Martin Moore; Dea. Moses Grant; Rev. Harvey Newcomb, West Needham.

L. ALLEN KINGSBURY,
SETH DEWING, Jr.
myl is1os5t

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER & RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, No. CXL., FOR MAY, 1847.

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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

INVOCATION—HOPE.

"Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord."

Bright spirit, what joy can thy smiles unfold!
Thou glancest at the future, it changes to gold!
Fresh flowers spring up, at the touch of thy feet,
Gay as thy smile, in their fragrance as sweet!
Thou scatterest roses, whose brilliant flowers
Unfold to the light, unblighted by showers.

Bright spirit! be near us! be our stay, in the hour
When sorrow comes forth in the strength of her power!
When clouds gather round us, be near with thy light,
Pierce through the darkness, that wraps us in night!
And when all earthly things shall fade from our sight,
Take our freed spirit, to the regions of light!

April 16th, 1847. L. G. P.

We love to give now and then a scrap from some old poet. There is a flavor about those old writings which does not belong to the poets of our day, excellent as some of them are.

SUPERSTITION.

BY JOHN NORRIS.

[Born 1657—died 1711.]

I care not, though it be
By the preciser sort thought popery;
We poets can a license show
For every thing we do
Hear, then, my little saint, I'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind,
Amidst its various joys can leisure find
To attend to any thing so low,
As what I say or do,
Regard, and be what thou wast ever—kind.

Let not the blessed above
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove;
Fain would I thy sweet image see,
And sit and talk with thee,
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah! what delight 'twould be
Wouldst thou sometimes, by stealth, converse with me!
How should I thy sweet commune prize,
And other joys despise;
Come, then, I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain;
Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know
Of thy escape below;
Before thou'rt missed thou shouldst return again.

Sure heaven must needs thy love
As well as other qualities improve,
Come, then, and recreate my sight
With rays of thy pure light;
'Twill cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if fate's so severe,
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere,
(And by thy absence I shall know
Whether thy state be so,)
Live happy, but be mindful of me there.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[Selected for the Register.]

THE CHILDREN WHO WALKED BY THE JORDAN.

A very long time ago, there were two little children living with their parents in a place which every body has heard of, on the banks of the river Jordan. Rachel and her brother Elec liked very much to travel to Jerusalem once a year with their parents, and a large company of friends; and to listen to the music in the temple, and be lifted up to see the sacrifice offered; and to hear what great things God has done for their nation. But they liked also to return home when the feast was over, and see the clear waters of the river again, and to sit under the shade of the willows, where they could watch the wild ass come down the steep bank to quench its thirst, or the glittering dragon flies rise into the bright sunshine from the reeds upon the brink of the stream. In the winter time it was too cold for them to sit under the willows; the dragon fly had disappeared, and the wild asses had hidden themselves in the sheltered eaves of the desert; but there was much for Rachel and Elec to do at home. Their father had gone up to the feast of Dedication; their mother kept her new-born baby warm within the house, while the snow fell upon the tops of the mountains; and Rachel and Elec liked to be with her and hear the things she had to tell them. She often wondered what news their father would bring back from the feast; and whether he would learn any thing of the appearance of the Deliverer, whom every one was looking for. If any travellers came near her door, weary with travelling over wet and frozen roads, or chilled with the north wind, she would ask them to rest in her dwelling; and, as sure as they became warm, and felt themselves rested, they began to talk of the Deliverer, and of the hope of every man, woman and child in the nation, that the Messiah of Jehovah would soon arise. When their father returned, he brought no news; and when he was told of the birth of another child, and that it was a daughter, Rachel thought he looked disappointed; as if he had wished for a son, for the chance of that son being the Deliverer. The winter rolled away, and the spring sunshine called up the young corn in the furrows of the pastures, and caused the branches of the palm to sprout. The children were sometimes allowed to carry their infant sister out into the sweet air, and they tried to make her listen to the birds as they twittered about their nests, and to look at the travellers as they forded the Jordan and went their way in the warmth of the morning; but the baby was too young to listen and to notice as they wished; and they thought her a helpless little thing, whom they loved very much, but who could be of no use to any body else.

Then came the great feast of the Passover; still in the early spring. Rachel had hold of her mother's hand, and Elec of his father's, when they went round the house, the night before the feast, to see that there was no leaven in any closet or corner. They eat of the feast too, with their parents, and stood up when the wine cup was to be filled. Elec, being the youngest of the company, his infant sister being asleep in the inner chamber, asked, according to custom, to be told the story of the coming out of his forefathers from the land of Egypt, and of the goodness of Jehovah in bringing them forth from their captivity. His father related the story, and told how the goodness of God had followed their nation; and how it was soon going to bless them yet further. He added, very solemnly, that there were tidings in the land of a man who was now in Galilee, showing great goodness in his countenance and speech, and wonderful power in the works which he did. The children listened in stillness and awe; for every one was moved while their father prayed God to show whether this was the true Deliverer, by giving him a throne and an army, and great wealth and glory in the land.

Some of the company were not pleased at Rachel's father, for having mentioned in his prayer the Holy Man who was doing wonderful things in Galilee. They had lately come from thence, and knew that he had refused to be made a king, and had gone into the mountains alone sometimes, when the people would have given him a throne and an army. It was true that he had cured a man with a withered hand in the synagogue; but then the Pharisees said he could not be Christ, because he wrought the cure on a Sabbath day. It was true that he had raised the son of a widow from the dead; but then he had not brought down the vengeance of Jehovah upon the Romans, and therefore he could not possibly be the true Deliverer; and what would the Pharisees say if they heard that his name had been mentioned at the table of the Passover!—While the guests disputed in this manner, Rachel asked her mother to stoop down and listen to her.

"Do you remember," asked Rachel, "the Holy Man who stood on the rock in the wilderness, and told us about the Deliverer coming?"

Rachel's mother smiled at the idea that she could forget John, who would not be persuaded to come and stay in their house, but remained in the wilderness, nourishing himself with the wild honey that he found in the hollow trees, and sheltering himself in the eaves of the rock, that he might be found by all those who came out to hear him tell of the Deliverer that should appear.

"If he would have staid with us," said Rachel, "he might have told us more of the Deliverer, and then we should have known whether this man was he."

"Not so," replied one of the guests, "for John did not himself know what to think of this man. I saw some of his followers go to this Jesus, and ask him whether he was the Messiah that should come, or whether they should look for another."

"And what did he say," asked the whole company.

"He had a crowd about him at the time, and had been curing some who were blind, and some who were sick. He pointed to them, and bade John's friends tell him what had been done; how the people were cured."

"And did he say anything else?" asked Rachel, in a low voice.

"He said something about those being blessed who should not be offended at what he did."

"He would not have people be disappointed because he would not let himself be made a king," whispered Rachel to her brother.

They asked as many questions as they dared about the poor people whom this Jesus had cured; but the guests seemed to think so meanly of him because he was himself poor, that the children were at length afraid to ask anything further. It did seem rather strange that the Messiah of God should not have where to lay his head; but their father seemed to think that this meanness was only for a time, and that he would appear in all the greater splendor at last.

"What did you dream about last night, Elec?" inquired Rachel, the next morning.

"I dreamed about the Deliverer."

"So did I. I dreamed that he came to see us."

"To see us! O Rachel!"

"Well, it was only a dream, you know; that he came to see us; and that he stood on the rock where the holy John used to stand, and that he was just going to speak, when the baby cried in my arms, and my mother sent me into the house with her, and so I did not hear one word that he said."

"And I," said Elec, "dreamed that he made my father a great captain; and that I wanted to go to the war too; and begged and begged, but he did not seem to hear me. And then I was so ashamed that I awoke."

The more they heard of Jesus, the more the children talked, and the more they dreamed of him; till at last, Rachel's first dream seemed likely to come true. It was reported that he had left Galilee; some said that he had gone to Jerusalem; others that he was coming down the Jordan. The next day, Elec came running in, to say that the Teacher was sitting under the same willow where Rachel and the baby had been this very morning, and that some of his followers were baptizing in the river.

Rachel quite lost her breath as she heard this.

"Is he sitting alone under the tree?"

"Yes; there is nobody very near him. Come and see."

"I dare not," said Rachel. "Wait till there are more people about him."

Elec thought that this was foolish; the great Teacher would take no notice of little children like them. So Rachel took her little brother's hand and went out.

Already the people were resorting to the river bank, as they did to every place where Jesus was known to be. Some were crossing the ford, having come from Jerusalem; others followed by the road by which the Teacher had come, and the inhabitants of all the dwellings poured out of their houses. The number increased so fast, that the children heard several persons say, that Jesus had baptized more disciples than John. Jesus, however, did not himself baptize, but his disciples. Several of his followers were now thus engaged on the bank of the river, while others lay in the shade, talking with one another. The children stopped to listen to this talk, hoping to hear something of the Teacher before venturing to approach nearer to him. The disciples were speaking of him; of the great power he had, and of the certainty that all who had seen him would be ready to follow him whenever he should set up his kingdom.—Then they talked about the power he would give to them; how one should be the keeper of his wealth; and another, be his confidential adviser; and another, the governor of the Roman provinces which he should conquor. Thus far, they seemed all agreed; but presently it appeared that two or three wanted the same office, and that they could not agree as to which should be the greatest in the new kingdom. They grew eager, and spoke loud, and Rachel squeezed her little brother's hand, when she saw the Teacher turn his head, and gaze on them.

Just then, the children saw their mother coming, with their little sister in her arms. Some of her neighbors were with her, each mother carrying her infant. Rachel bounded towards her mother, as she generally did when the baby was in her arms, but her mother bade her not play with the infant now. She was going to beseech the Teacher to lay his blessing on the child. The disciples heard this, and told her that she must draw back; that the Master came to be a Prince and a Deliverer, and that he had to do with men, and not with infants.

On hearing this, the children stepped back behind the tree near which they were standing, while their mother stood, unwilling to retire, but hesitating to go forward. Rachel thought that she should not like to meet such a look as the Teacher cast upon his disciples when he came up to them, and said that these little children were not to be forbidden to come to him. He was much displeased. But he smiled upon their mother, and took their little sister in his arms and blessed her. When Rachel saw how the infant looked up in his face, and stretched forth its little hands, she longed to go and take hold of the skirt of the garment of him who loved a helpless baby, and ask him why he loved it.—How her heart beat when she saw the teacher look towards her, and hold out his hand to Elec, and lead him into the midst of the disputants, and tell them that no one could enter the kingdom of heaven, who would not receive him as their child! L. G. P.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL.

BY A YOUNG LADY OF CATSKILL.

"Well, I never *was* so astonished in my life," exclaimed Mrs. Hanson, holding up both hands; who would have thought it! I can hardly believe it now."

"Believe what!" asked Mr. Hanson, who was seated very quietly reading a newspaper, as his wife entered the room.

"Why have you not heard the news?"

"No, I have not. But shall be happy to when you are composed sufficiently to tell me what it is."

"Well, you know Mr. Mordaunt, who moved here from New York last week, and has retired from business?"

"Yes, I know Mr. M. very well; but did not know that he had retired from business, as I saw him this morning very busily engaged in putting up a wall around his garden."

"Oh, well, that is nothing; just working a little for exercise, I suppose. But what I mean is, he does not do any public business, but lives like a gentleman."

"Yes, I understand, but what of him?"

"Why, he has sent his son and two daughters to the *District School*. Would you have thought it! He certainly cannot know much about them, or he would never have done so. And to think he should pass right by the Select School, where our girls attend, when I thought so much of having them go together; knowing also that it would add to the gentility of Madam Le Gate's school, if it was known that the fashionable Mr. Mordaunt patronized it. I declare I am so disappointed, I cannot get over it. For every body knows what the District School is. None but poor children attend; and they are all placed together in one room, where they can learn nothing genteel or fashionable."

"Well, my dear, I have waited for you to get through, before giving my opinion on the subject, and now, allow me to say, I hope never again to hear you express sentiments of this kind in relation to the District Schools. For my own part, I have cause to remember that school as long as I live, for there I received all the education I possess, which has enabled me to manage and transact business for myself, for some time. And if I did not acquire genteel and fashionable ideas, I certainly did acquire some solid ones, which have led me to despise that foolish arrogance and pride which leads many to act differently from what their judgment tells them is right, merely because they might not be considered quite as fashionable as some of their neighbors, and would thereby lose caste in the estimation of some who consider it the height of gentility to do nothing for a living. As for Mr. Mordaunt—who is denominated a gentleman, because he is in no business—I can give you his history in a few words. He has been engaged in business in New York for a few years past, on a borrowed capital, has lived entirely beyond his income, and has been sending his children to the most expensive schools in the city, because he had not moral courage enough to send them to some less expensive school, because it was not considered genteel. The consequence of such a course might easily have been foreseen. He has been thrown out of business by his extravagance, and is now glad to come here and cultivate a few acres of land given him by a relation. He told me a few days since, he hoped past experience would make him a wiser and better man, and that he was now resolved to send his children to the District School, where they could acquire useful and practical views. Such is the history of Mr. Mordaunt; and such is the history of thousands before him, who are called genteel and fashionable, because they were once thought to be wealthy, and had retired from business or rather business had retired from them. I confess I am astonished, Ellen, that one possessing as good sense as I have always given you credit for, should attach so much importance to *names* which can in no way affect the real character of an individual. At your earnest solicitation I have consented to let Maria and Julia attend a select school for one quarter. But if you can tell in what respect they have been more benefitted than they would have been if they had attended a District School during this time I shall be happy to know. Have they acquired more useful or solid ideas on any subject, than they could possibly have done at a less extensive school?"

"No, Henry, I do not say but what they could have made as much, and perhaps more improvement in the solid branches of education, had they attended the District School during the last quarter. But you must acknowledge they are more graceful and genteel in their manners, and will take a higher stand in society than they would have done, if attending only the District School.

"No, Ellen, I will not acknowledge any such thing. If you call it graceful and genteel to appear constrained and affected in manner and conversation, and indulging at the same time a feeling of contempt towards those attending a poorer school, as you term it, then my ideas of gentility and gracefulness differ very much from yours. As to their taking a higher stand in society because their parents pay more for their tuition, than those sending to some other school, it is all folly. It is their own merit and worth they must depend upon in order to be admitted into good society, not as to whether they have attended a District or a Select School. It is time these foolish prejudices were eradicated; they are unworthy of a sensible, enlightened people, and it is now my intention to send our girls to the District School, where they may acquire a plain and solid education; which will be of some service to them in after life."

"But you do not mean to condemn all Select Schools, do you?"

"By no means. I know many excellent schools of this kind. But I do mean to condemn that contemptible pride and arrogance which many display, because they happen to attend or to teach a school rather more expensive than some other institutions of the same kind, differing only in the name."

"Well, Henry, I think you are in the right, though I never have reflected seriously on the subject before; but I will endeavor for the future, to make some distinction between true gentility and a false and foolish pride."

"I knew, Ellen, you only needed to have this subject placed before you in its proper light, and your good sense will enable you to view it in a right manner. I wish you to possess moral independence enough to do what is right, as well as to think rightly, even if you lose the friendship of your genteel and fashionable acquaintance by so doing. Friendship is not worth preserving when we have to sacrifice the higher and nobler feelings of our nature for its attainment. Let us be governed by principle, not by pride or fashion, and depend upon it we shall be happier, and our children will be more respected, even though they attend a DISTRICT SCHOOL."

[Teachers' Advocate.

A BLIND AND MOTIONLESS SUFFERER.

In the fall of 1832 at the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and in the family of the excellent man who had charge of the boarding establishment, I found his son, a lad then about ten years old, under circumstances that deeply enlisted my sympathies. He was the victim of a scrofulous disease, which affected his joints so as to prevent him from walking, without great difficulty. At this interesting age, to be shut in doors with a lingering disease with no prospect of being able to go abroad to learn, seemed so painful, that I was led to ask the privilege of visiting him daily to guide his studies, knowing that from within must come all the streams of pleasure which he could expect to enjoy in life.

He was ready to learn, and indeed made rapid progress in every thing to which his mind was directed. Every day, too, we conversed of God, of the soul, its capacity to enjoy and suffer in this life and the next, and there was pleasure in seeing that his mind was ripening rapidly, and his thoughts fastening on heavenly and divine things.

When I left the Seminary I took leave of him, but have never ceased to feel a lively interest in his situation. His subsequent history is worthy of being recorded for the physician and the Christian, and I find a melancholy satisfaction in gathering the following facts. His father removed with him to this city, where he died on the 9th ultimo, aged 26 years. He was the brother of the Rev. J. A. Cary, Professor in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum here.

For nearly twenty years, Charles Augustus Cary had been the victim of a disease of a scrofulous rheumatic character, which was at times exceedingly painful. In its progress every joint in his system became stiffened, so that he was deprived entirely of the use of his limbs, and became incapable of voluntary motion, except in the muscles attached to the face.

When in this state, acute inflammation in his eyes resulted in the loss of the substance of both of them, and consequently perfect blindness, and, for a time, there was an almost certain prospect of total deafness. But a kind Providence was pleased to avert so fatal a calamity, and, though motionless and blind, his hearing was, in a good degree, preserved to the close of life.

His mental powers were naturally of a high order, and his bodily infirmities exerted only in an indirect way to an unfavorable influence on their development. He had nearly completed his studies preparatory to a collegiate course of education, when the disease reached, almost simultaneously, his hands and eyes, and deprived him ever after, of their assistance in his personal efforts for mental improvement. He was favored, however, with the opportunity of hearing much reading, and with special facilities for thought and reflection. His memory, also, was remarkably retentive. With these advantages, his knowledge was extensive, accurate, and well-arranged, and his conversation was instructive and entertaining. It was often a pleasure to him to commit to memory passages of Scripture, and selections of poetry and prose from favorite authors, as they were read to him. This was an easy task. In a short time he thus committed one of the books in Milton's Paradise Lost. The solution of difficult mathematical problems afforded him occasionally an agreeable occupation. By a mental process entirely, he would multiply large numbers together with perfect accuracy; in one case, fifteen figures by fifteen, making a product of thirty figures.

With a mind thus vigorous and active, we might anticipate restlessness and impatience under his singular and painful confinement. But not more remarkable was he for suffering, than for uniform patience and cheerfulness. No murmuring words ever escaped his lips, and no look or tone indicated his often intense and most acute pains, unless they forced from him an involuntary shriek or momentary contortion, which was almost immediately followed by a smile or a cheerful word. [Observer.

BERLIN, Feb. 20th, 1847. Alexander Von Humboldt, the traveller, the author, the philosopher, the statesman, is now in his 72d year, but he is still hale and active, and his blue eye sparkles as brightly as when he stood upon the heights of the Andes, and traversed the steppes of Siberia. Born to a noble name and hereditary wealth, he resolved to devote himself to intellectual pursuits. He chose the dangerous and fatiguing path of a scientific traveller. To behold with his own eyes the organism of the world, to judge by patient, ocular investigation, of the philosophy of creation, this was his task. In the accomplishment of this object, he made voyages and journies of years duration, and some of the most difficult and unfrequented portions of Europe, Asia and America, were trodden by his footsteps. Prof. Ritter remarked a few evenings since in his lecture, that America had been twice discovered, actually objectively by Christopher Columbus, scientifically by Alexander Von Humboldt. Besides this, Humboldt is one of the most voluminous living authors, and has long been the chief confidant, and most influential counsellor of the Prussian monarch. All the honors which royalty could bestow, have been heaped upon him, and but a few weeks since what is generally considered the crowning honor, viz: the Order of the Black Eagle, which heretofore has been almost exclusively confined to members of royal houses. When young he was exceedingly wealthy, but he has expended immense sums in travel, and at present his books, of which "Cosmos" is the last, whose second volume is now quite ready for the press, and which in itself forms a new epoch in the philosophy of natural science, constitute the principal source of his income. Rich however in a nobler sense of the word, in the honor and respect of mankind, in the consciousness of a life devoted successfully to great and high pursuits, he stands a kind of scientific patriarch, the Nestor of learning and letters, one of the chiefest of those, who next to the teachers of true righteousness, merit most of the gratitude of men.

—"Seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."

His correspondence is immense, and though still pursuing his own profound investigations, nothing which concerns learning and true science at home or abroad, escapes his vigilant eye. I lately saw a letter from him, in which he speaks of his own Prescott in terms of unqualified praise, calling him, without reservation, one of the first living historians. All who know this truly great man testify to the simplicity of his life, the urbanity of his manners, and the goodness of his heart. Prussia is often called a poor kingdom, but when she can boast of such a man as Alexander Von Humboldt, and of such men as those I have previously named, wherein does her poverty consist? Would that all nations, while they neglected not the useful and honorable means of prosperity, might place still more value upon those purer and profounder resources of intellectual wealth, which yield their immortal revenues at all seasons and under all circumstances, without the warmth of the sun or the moistening of the rain, without the imposition of taxes or the protection of tariffs.

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